

THE FRENCH VOTE ALEXANDER WERTH

THE NATION

APRIL 3, 1967 35 cents

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WINNING HEARTS IN VIETNAM

Instructing the Peasants KARL H. PURNELL

Country Fair EDWARD LAMB

THE DOMINION OF KNOW-HOW

Wealth Attracts Talent RUTH JORRIN

Old Worlds To Conquer HOWE MARTYN

WHERE THE ELITE MEET

SENTS OF THE DISESTABLISHMENT / GEORGE DANGERFIELD

IN THE WASPS' NEST / VERNON K. DIBBLE

LETTERS

the only force

Concord, Calif.

DEAR SIR: It must now be clear to most people that the Vietnamese War is not going to be terminated due to the efforts of the "doves" in or out of Congress. . . . There is only one force which can bring this senseless carnage to a halt and that force is the voters of this country . . . albeit the prospects of the electorate taking this stand under the present two political parties seem remote. Most people are mesmerized by the steady propaganda that . . . "we stand ready to go anywhere at any time to negotiate."

This writer would welcome a national ticket in 1968 of Democrat New York Senator Robert Kennedy and Republican Oregon Senator, and former Governor Mark Hatfield or Republican Illinois Senator Charles Percy. Kennedy is without doubt the most popular political leader in the country today, and he has put forth a reasonable approach for a negotiated Vietnamese settlement. Hatfield and Percy are both young, vigorous, able and genuine influential peace advocates. . . . The hour is late. Peaceniks Unite! We have nothing to lose but our war parties.

M. C. Belknap

Civil Service rebuttal

Washington, D.C.

DEAR SIR: A comprehensive point-by-point commentary on Robert Sherrill's myths ["Washington's Bland Bondage, *The Nation*, Feb. 20] would take too much of your space and my time, so let me limit myself to those incidents involving the Civil Service Commission's personnel investigations activities:

(1) Sherrill says a young Ph.D. "was asked to explain his presence, eight years previously, at a couple of meetings held by the Labor Youth League and by the Student Socialist Society in Philadelphia. . . . Though he was cleared, he packed up his Ph.D. and quit in a rage." The fact is the man told us he had decided to resign for professional and scientific reasons many weeks before receiving our interrogatory. He asked for rapid disposition of our investigation so as not to resign with a mark on his name. Our decision was favorable to him; his resignation was effective several weeks later.

(2) Sherrill cites the case of a young woman who was "invited to attend (she wasn't accused of attending) a forum sponsored by the Socialist Workers Party of Philadelphia" and of "being on the mailing list of the Socialist Party." He omits the fact that in the young woman's formative years her parents and other close relatives were notorious and active members of the Communist Party and that some of her activities had reflected possible influence of these family members. Contrary to the implication in Sherrill's article, we did not ask her to give an "exposé of her whole family"—rather we recited their extensive Communist activity and asked her to explain the nature and extent of her support thereof.

(3) In citing the case of William X, Sherrill says the "super-patriotism of the Civil Service Commission drives it into comically embarrassing corners." Mr. X was charged with having falsified his application when he stated he had never been a member of the Communist Party, which Sherrill calls "a bizarre accusation considering X's background." He then implies that because X was employed by the House Committee on Un-American Activities for seven years, the charge of membership in the Communist Party was ridiculous. On the contrary, the alleged membership was well established. Because of the remoteness in time of this activity, the original adverse finding was reversed by our Board of Appeals and Review.

(4) Sherrill charges the commission "has so keen an in-

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EDITORIALS

Ky Stole the Show

The Guam conference was a puzzle to many of the best-informed officials and newsmen in Washington. It was called in a slapdash fashion, with no clue as to its purpose. The most plausible explanation is that the motivation was political—as with everything that the President does.

In the Guam episode he apparently came to the conclusion that Robert Kennedy is out to unseat him in 1968. The remedy? A big show across the sea, with the usual amalgam of peace talk and military intensification. Coming just before Easter, it would serve as a launching platform for a spring peace offensive, coupled with further violence on the grand scale which American technology has made possible. A cover story was also available: Mr. Johnson would introduce the new diplomatic team to the big wheels in the South Vietnamese government, and get the credit if the latest measures to subjugate the Vietcong and the North Vietnamese worked, or could be made to seem as if they might work.

So Air Force One took off for Guam, followed by the usual retinue of officials and reporters. But the script was not followed in the subsequent events. The President preached to the South Vietnamese strongmen, commending to them the great task of conducting a national election and making South Vietnam look like a democracy, while power remained in the hands of former collaborators with the French, landlords, profiteers and other members of the old elite. General Thieu and Marshal-Premier Ky harkened: Then Ky sounded off on his own.

Ky is no small-time opportunist. He has come a long way since he was noted only as the foremost Vietnamese clotheshorse and flyboy. The original plan did not even call for his presence in Guam, but once he got himself invited he played his role effectively. In terms of real power he is a puppet of the United States, but for the moment he seemed to be pulling the strings. Negotiate with the Vietcong? Never! Allow Hanoi to go unbombed? Enough of such womanly weakness! He called for war on Cambodia, a blockade or equivalent action to stop the flow of supplies through Haiphong, an invasion of Laos—escalations of his own atop the escalations previously put into effect by Johnson.

One must give Ky credit for gall. He holds power only through command of an air arm furnished by the United States, his army has been relegated to a rural "pacification" role while Americans do the major part of the fighting, but he does not hesitate to lay down the strategic blueprint for which Americans must pay, fight and die.

The following day Ky assumed the role of the moderate man. Hitler, whom he once said he admired, may have been his model. Hitler could suggest that the Ukraine should belong to Germany and vow simultaneously that

no German mother would weep for the loss of her son. Ky took cognizance of the Johnson habiliments of peace and threw a few such rags about himself, just to maintain amity among allies and reassure the American public, in case it was beginning to wonder who runs this war.

Arriving back in Washington, the President was described by reporters at the airport as the leader of an exhausted and perplexed team. No one, including Mr. Johnson himself, seemed to know why the Guam meeting had been arranged. The outstanding fact of the conference, he said, was Ky's presentation of a constitution "that is really in being." Probably not one newsman present believed that this document would lead to a transfer of power from the military to a civilian government which might conceivably negotiate with the National Liberation Front. But it is unthinkable to laugh out loud at a Presidential press conference.

What Next?

After the events of the past few weeks, peace in Vietnam seems further away than ever. The prospect is for an indefinite prolongation of the struggle. North Vietnam demands a cessation of bombing and other acts of war before it will talk. The United States, through President Johnson, demands prior proof that all infiltration from the North has stopped before it will agree to stop bombing the North and adding to its troop strength in the South. As Sen. Robert Kennedy points out, Mr. Johnson has raised the ante repeatedly as U.S. military strength in the South has increased. But neither the Democratic Republic of Vietnam (the North) nor the National Liberation Front shows any signs of caving in. What, then, will be Mr. Johnson's next move?

It is not difficult to forecast. Bombing the North has not brought victory and shows no signs of subduing the enemy. All that remains, then, is to invade North Vietnam, as Korea was invaded at Inchon.

All Washington is talking along these lines. Sen. Mike Mansfield brings the question to the fore while cautiously advising against such a venture. He points out that three of the four elements of an invasion are already present. We are extending the bombing of North Vietnam by dropping mines into the rivers in the southern part of the country, we are shooting across the now misnamed demilitarized zone with 175-millimeter artillery, and elements of the Seventh Fleet are shelling the coast of North Vietnam. The probable invasion site would be somewhat north of the 17th Parallel, and some reports of North Vietnamese troop movements indicate that Hanoi expects an incursion in that neighborhood.

Rep. George Brown of California made a valiant effort to forestall such an eventuality. He offered an amendment to the supplemental appropriations bill, providing additional billions for the prosecution of the war: "None of the funds appropriated in this act shall be available

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The Nation is published weekly (except biweekly in July and August) by the Nation Magazine Company and copyright 1967 in the U.S.A. by the Nation Associates, Inc., 333 Sixth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10014. Tel.: CH 2-8400. West Coast office: 1434 Westwood Boulevard, Los Angeles, Calif. 90024. Tel.: GR 4-3547. Second class postage paid at New York, N.Y. and at additional mailing office.

Subscription Price: One year, \$10; two years, \$18. Foreign and Canadian postage: \$1 extra per year.

Change of Address: It is essential that subscribers ordering a change of address give four weeks' notice and provide their old as well as their new address. Please give Zip Code numbers for both addresses.

Information to Libraries: *The Nation* is indexed in Readers Guide to Periodical Literature, Book Review Digest, Book Review Index and the Public Affairs Information Service.

THE NATION
Combined with **FRONTIER**

Vol. 204
No. 14

for the implementation of any plan to invade North Vietnam with ground forces of the United States, except in time of war." The amendment was defeated, 123 to 2, and the funds were appropriated unconditionally, 385 to 11, with thirty-six abstentions.

If the President decides on an invasion of North Vietnam, he might be willing to request a declaration of war. The present undeclared war is unpopular. Politically it is a millstone around Mr. Johnson's neck, and one may be sure that he will be reluctant to go into the campaign of 1968 thus handicapped. With a declaration in his hands, he can run as a war President, calling on the nation to rally around the flag (which he will have wrapped about his ample frame). Dissent will become not merely unpopular but dangerous. Opponents will no longer be Nervous Nellies but something not far removed from traitors.

Senator Mansfield warned that even a limited invasion of North Vietnam (which is no doubt the way it would begin) might bring China into the war. It might result in a papering over of the split between the Soviet Union and China. MacArthur thought he could approach the Yalu without bringing China's armies down into Korea; he proved to be mistaken. Those military strategists who counsel an invasion may likewise prove to be mistaken, but they are willing to take a chance.

A majority of the American people have submitted with scarcely a murmur to repeated escalations of the war, each seemingly insignificant in itself but bulking large in cumulative effect. Unless they rally soon, their option in the 1968 election may be foreclosed. If they realize then what they have let themselves in for, it will be too late.

Twenty Years Later

Marking the twentieth anniversary of the Truman Doctrine, the University of Salonika recently conferred an honorary degree on former President Truman. At almost the same time, the Senate finally ratified the Consular Treaty which we had signed with the Soviet Union in 1964. The vote was 66 to 28—just three votes more than the required two-thirds majority. It seems hard to believe, but it is apparently a fact, that this is the first bilateral treaty entered into between the U.S. and the USSR. So at last we have taken—half-heartedly, timidly—a first step that should have been taken twenty years ago.

Was this long delay necessary? We shall never know, but what we do know is that the more closely the record is examined, the clearer it becomes that the fault was by no means all on the Russian side. A series of recent studies, of which Martin F. Herz's *Beginnings of the Cold War* is the latest, strongly suggest that a re-evaluation of the attitudes and assumptions on which the cold war was projected should have top priority on today's political agenda. We debate Vietnam but Vietnam is an incident—the ghastliest yet, but still only an incident in

the pursuit of cold-war policies. In a recent speech, Philip Klutznick, who served at the United Nations during Adlai Stevenson's ambassadorship, urged the nation to reassess its "political motivations" in Vietnam. Mr. Klutznick declared: "To those who say, 'But we can't quit Vietnam now,' I must ask, 'if it is in our national interest, why not?' We have permitted our Vietnam commitment to control our foreign policy instead of foreign policy determining the extent of our Vietnam commitment."

The tragedy of our position in Vietnam is that we are waging war there as though our main purpose were to demonstrate the awesome military power we command. This is not a policy; waging war is the best evidence that policy has failed. In proclaiming the Truman Doctrine, Mr. Truman did not intend that we should become the world's policeman, but the military distortion was always latent in a policy which assumed that we must "fight," by cold-war techniques, forces in the postwar world that we regard as threatening. After twenty years it should be possible to see that there might have been a quite different approach to the problem we then faced. "The problem of our age," Conor Cruise O'Brien wrote recently (*Commonweal*, March 3), "is not how to stop, fight or eradicate communism. It is how to cope with its challenges and its appeals in such a way that the competing systems on the planet may produce more benefits to mankind than threats and sufferings." It is for the want of such a policy that we are at war in Vietnam.

Saying 'No' to Power

Lord Acton's maxim has not only been quoted to the point of no response, it is also probably not a remark of the first relevance. Power tends to corrupt, but so do hunger, passion, terror, frustration. Indeed, for those who are susceptible, life itself is a corrupting experience. Perhaps new force can be gained for the old saying by eliding it: power tends to become absolute. And men meanwhile do not tend to become omniscient.

That is the plight into which we have fallen. It avails us nothing, it only makes us miserable, to consider whether, and to what degree, Messrs. Johnson, Rusk and McNamara have become corrupt. The crux is that they have now attained to absolute power without receiving the grace of absolute wisdom.

It is not likely that the men in question see matters in this light; it is much more probable that they view themselves as public servants spending themselves without stint in the nation's service. It is notable, for example, that Secretary Rusk not long ago was willing to meet with a group of college students to discuss with them misgivings about the Vietnamese War that they had expressed in a letter to the President. But what was the effect of this encounter? According to Gregory Craig, president of the Harvard Undergraduate Council, who was there, the students entered the meeting, many of them, willing

and eager to be convinced that their country's acts were motivated by reason; without exception, he says, they left the room in a state of shock. They had not met a man, they had witnessed a presence; they had not been informed, they had been checked. It was not just that Rusk repeated what they had heard before, it was that what they said Rusk appeared not to hear at all. They had tried to communicate with power, which is like exchanging confidences with a dynamo.

The voice of power—flat, implacable, uninflected by the course of events or the outcries of dissidents—is now heard in Congressional committees, in the press, in diplomatic letters and official statements. It cannot be answered, it cannot be refuted, it cannot even be asked to explain itself. Power is not equipped with receptors.

The conduct of our foreign affairs by the agents of absolute power has produced in others a spirit of dissent for dissent's sake, what Crosby Noyes in the *Washington Star* has called "compulsive opposition." The obvious danger of this reaction, as he points out, is that dissent is valued more for its dramatic effect than for its responsibility, and confirms the President and his aides in their conviction that the truth resides in them alone.

Still, good men, wise men, compassionate men without number have testified to the evil and the futility of the war in Vietnam. Skillful tacticians have suggested ways to end it. Their cause is futile because they are attacking a symptom of power, when they should be throwing themselves at power itself. No man in power today created the situation: it is an accident of the nuclear bomb, our oath of allegiance to an explosive device. Some Presidents back, we equipped the White House with a button to push, and all else has followed.

The logistics of ballistic warfare, we thought, rendered the process of democratic government obsolete. But nuclear-headed missiles are not at issue in Vietnam, and were not at issue in Santo Domingo, and will not be at issue in the other of the world's "trouble spots" that Mr. Rusk recently marked for our future attention. Yet due process has disappeared from our behavior in all these areas, and power is our only gesture. There is no honor in it and there will be no honor in our national policy until government unseats power. In the first place that is the task of Congress, and ultimately it is the task of the people. Only a democracy can say no to power—and that only while democracy survives.

Kidding the Consumer

In Europe, as Rep. Benjamin S. Rosenthal (D., N.Y.) has recently pointed out (*Congressional Record*, March 8), businessmen generally accept the idea that "the efficient functioning of a free economy is facilitated by governmental efforts to inform consumers and protect their interests." In Sweden and Norway, consumers are represented by cabinet-level departments, and in the field

of consumer information almost every European government engages in product testing and publicizes the results, or subsidizes consumer organizations to do the work. A Swedish government-sponsored program engages in product testing, informative labeling, household research and consumer education, and receives complaints regarding below-standard goods. Britain is adopting the "Teltag" labeling system to enable people to buy intelligently. Only in this country are such programs regarded as aimed at the destruction of the free-enterprise system.

Miss Betty Furness, queen of the TV commercials and the President's new adviser on consumer affairs, is not likely to urge him to adopt Teltag or anything else that would antagonize business. But for make-believe consumer protection Mr. Johnson could hardly have made a better selection, and Miss Furness will no doubt contribute to his popularity among soap opera devotees. It is unlikely that housewives' strikes will be encouraged, or that prices will go down, or quality up. It is just another case of image making, only a bit more blatant than anything of the kind that Johnson has done lately.

Bugging the Press

The following dispatch, published on page 3 of *The New York Times*, March 2, is reprinted in full:

Special to *The New York Times*, ATHENS, March 1. Two United States diplomats walked out of a foreign press luncheon here today minutes before Andreas Papandreou, Greece's most controversial leftist politician, made a sharp attack on the U.S.

A spokesman for the American embassy said the two officials, John G. Day, a political officer, and Richard W. Helgerson, information officer, had left after reading the text of Mr. Papandreou's address distributed shortly before he spoke.

The spokesman said the text contained "uncalled-for criticism of American domestic and foreign policy."

A Reuters agency dispatch on the same story filled in the glaring gaps in the *New York Times* dispatch:

ATHENS, March 1 (Reuters). Two United States diplomats walked out today on a luncheon meeting during which Mr. Andreas Papandreou attacked American policy in Vietnam.

Mr. Papandreou, speaking to foreign correspondents, said the CIA, in essence, has embarked on an independently parallel foreign policy for the United States. At one point in his speech, Mr. Papandreou said that for American youth the U.S. presence in Vietnam represented a first class error. And he said the United States has always looked forward to the establishment of complete control over the affairs of its allies.

In addition, Mr. Papandreou said the CIA takes on responsibilities and missions far beyond the basic purposes for which it was established and is now free of government control. . . .

CONSTANTINE POULOS

French Vote: Why Be Surprised?

ALEXANDER WERTH

Paris

What I find particularly surprising is the enormous surprise that the near defeat of the Gaullists has caused almost everywhere abroad. The French press today is recalling with some irony American, British and other foreign comments, only a few days before the second round of elections, to the effect that France is, and always will be, Gaullist, that "we've got to live with de Gaulle, whether we like it or not," and so on, and so on. One must conclude that with rare exceptions the foreign press has for several years now been mesmerized by de Gaulle; that it has assumed that France *is* Gaullist, without troubling to look closely at France.

Correspondents here have also tended to identify de Gaulle with the Gaullists—that is, with all those hundreds of parliamentary candidates who ran under the "Fifth Republic" label—and that too was a mistake. This election was *not* a plebiscite for or against de Gaulle; to put it in the simplest possible terms, it was just a traditional French contest between Right and Left. It would not be accurate to say that all the people who fought under the Left "Federation" label were good leftists, or that those who figured as "Fifth Republic" men, or "Gaullists" were all dyed-in-the-wool conservatives or reactionaries in the usual sense. It is more complicated than that but, by and large, the Right-vs.-Left alignment covers the situation.

It is true, of course, that in the 1962 election the Gaullists did much better *in terms of seats* than they did this time; but, even then, together with their allies (notably the Giscard d'Estaing conservatives), they polled no more than 45 per cent of the total votes in the run-off round. And that was at a time when the Algerian War had just ended, when right-wing terrorism was still rife (only a few weeks earlier, de Gaulle had narrowly escaped assassination), and when a strong hand at the helm was considered more indispensable than ever. But it is also worth recalling that in the first round of that same election, the Gaullists proper secured only 32 per cent of the votes. If, in the second round, the Gaullist vote rose steeply, it was because there was a genuine desire for law and order, after months of bomb throwing. Moreover, there still remained in the country a general distaste for the impotence of the Fourth Republic, which had died only four years before. When de Gaulle warned the electorate against the danger of a return to "the old instability," it was bound to make an impression.

Moreover, in the Presidential election of December, 1965, de Gaulle secured less than 44 per cent of the votes in the first round, the "Left" and Communist-supported Mitterrand closely following with 32 per cent, and the "European" Jean Lecanuet with nearly 16 per cent. Even in the straight de Gaulle-Mitterrand run-off, the General got only 55 per cent. Add to this various local elections, such as those of February, 1965 (in which foreign policy was no issue), and in which the Gaullists did remarkably badly, and it is clear that *in home affairs*

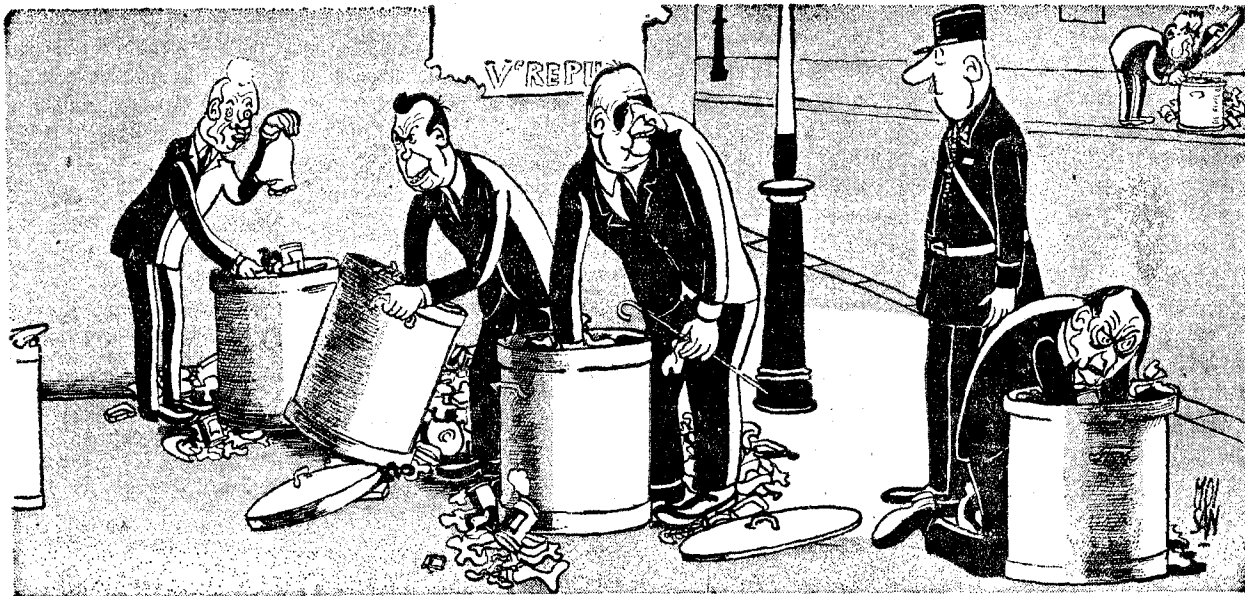
there has always been a strong and consistent opposition to the Gaullists, if not so much to de Gaulle himself.

In examining the results of the recent election, one must distinguish between votes and seats. The number of votes cast for the Gaullists and their immediate allies in the first round was about 38 per cent, or almost exactly the same as in 1962; in the second round it was about 43 per cent, or slightly lower than in 1962. This last figure applies, of course, only to those constituencies where no one was elected in the first round, and where, very often, the Gaullists were not in a favored position. Some of the safest Gaullist seats had been secured in the first round, when sixty-three of the seventy-nine deputies who won majorities were Gaullists. This seemingly triumphal first round was what encouraged superficial commentators to imagine that a Gaullist victory in the second round was a foregone conclusion.

This supposition ignored many important facts. Not only has there been a growing interest in political affairs—the real "awakening" dates back to the Presidential election of 1965, with its lively and often violent disputes on radio and television—but also this time the left-wing forces were organized much better than previously to pool their resources in the second round.

It would be exaggerating to say that the general public was passionately interested in the late election—as it was, for example, in the 1936 election which resulted in a victory of the Popular Front. All the same, in a number of "test" constituencies the battles were of more than just local significance. Thus, the whole nation watched Grenoble, where Mendès-France opposed the Gaullist candidate, and there was similar interest in the fight of the leftist journalist, Claude Estier, in Montmartre against "strong man" Sanguinetti, de Gaulle's Minister for War Veterans. There was also a considerable audience all over the country for the election speeches made by the various leaders on radio and TV.

But the most significant aspect of the election was the pact for the second round made among all the "left-wing" forces. I put "left wing" in quotes deliberately, for some altogether improbable people found themselves inside the left-wing Federation, there to benefit from Communist support in the second round. Among them were such recent ultra-colonialist "Socialists" as Guy Mollet, Max Lejeune and Robert Lacoste (the guiltiest of all the Guilty Men of the Algerian War); even that "radical" fossil, the nearly 80-year-old Georges Bonnet, France's inglorious Foreign Minister of the Munich days, was on the bandwagon. Many of the local Communists in his Dordogne constituency thought that voting for Bonnet in the name of "republican discipline" was really going rather far, and abstained; enough, however, went to the polls to get him elected. Another important feature in this election was the position taken up by many followers of M. Lecanuet, the "Atlantic," "European" and "pro-American" leader. Most of these supporters of his "Democratic Center" were Christian-Democrat (MRP) people;



De Gaulle's Ministers Scavenging for a Majority. From the Left: Frey, Debré, Pompidou, Malraux

and in the second round many of them supported the "Left," rather than the Gaullist, candidate. This was one of the relatively rare instances when considerations of foreign policy determined the voter's choice, the Lecanuet people (despite their anti-communism) often supporting the potentially more "European" Left. But—and this is important—Lecanuet's "pro-American" and "European" poll now dropped from 16 per cent in the Presidential election to 13 per cent in the first round, and 7 per cent in the second.

On the whole, the alliance between the Left Federation (Socialists, some radicals and other nominally left-of-Center groups) on the one hand, and the Communists on the other, worked very well—though it would be untrue to say that the voters everywhere closely followed the "instructions" from the leaders who had made the pact: many Left or left-of-Center voters still had inhibitions about voting for a Communist in the second round; some Communists undoubtedly preferred to vote for the Gaullist rather than for a "phony leftist." Still, thanks to this pact, the Communists increased their seats in the new Assembly from forty-one to seventy-three, and the Left Federation rose from eighty-nine to 116.

What is historically interesting is the re-emergence of the Communists from the political ghetto into which they had been driven in 1947, in the days of the Truman Doctrine and the Marshall Plan. Now they are once again a "respectable" political party, entering into explicit alliances with Socialists and other "democratic" forces. The Communists in France, with more than 5 million votes, now represent about 23 per cent of the French electorate, a rise from 22 per cent in 1962 and from 18.5 per cent (their all-time postwar low) in 1958.

There are several reasons for the Communist success. First, de Gaulle himself has helped to make them respectable by establishing highly friendly relations with the Soviet Union, which he considers in a way a natural ally of France and a "national," rather than a "revolutionary"

country. Second, the French Communists themselves have greatly changed since the days of Maurice Thorez when they persisted in their stand as the most sectarian and "Stalinist" Communist Party in the West. Today, under Waldeck-Rochet, who succeeded to leadership when Thorez died in 1964, the Communists have become an increasingly "national" party, adopting a polycentrist line not unlike that of Togliatti in Italy. Waldeck-Rochet speaks with a broad Burgundy accent which makes him sound like a French equivalent of a Kansas City politician. When he says, in that accent: "Sure, we are a revolutionary party, *but in France we seek revolution only by democratic means*," everybody—or nearly everybody—is greatly reassured, and well prepared to believe that the French Communists have chosen the "French way," and that 23 per cent of the electorate can't possibly be agents of Moscow. And even Moscow no longer scares anybody; as one commentator remarked at the time of Kosygin's visit: "The most reassuring thing about it is to see Mr. Kosygin wear a hat like Mr. Eden's."

Altogether, in the first round (the best indication of the voters' *real* wishes), the Communist and other Left forces got nearly 10 million votes among them; the Gaullists, 8.5 million; the Lecanuet "Center" nearly 3 million, and "others" (mostly right-wing) about 1 million. In the second round—that is, in the 404 constituencies where no one had been elected—the Communist and other Left forces got more than 8.5 million votes; the Gaullists (who had made big gains in the first round) nearly 8 million votes; the Center only 1.3 million, and "other" rightists about 0.8 million.

In many constituencies victories were won (mostly by the Left) by very narrow margins of a few hundred or even a few dozen votes. Thus, Couve de Murville lost by a handful of votes to a "centrist" candidate. These numerous "accidents" were one of the imponderable factors in this election; they also helped make the opinion polls look particularly foolish. But the net result of the election is still fairly clear: at least a small majority of the

French electorate is not satisfied with the Gaullists' domestic policy—not satisfied with the social conservatism, the shortage of teachers and school buildings, hospitals, etc. There is today a glut of luxury apartments in Paris and a shortage of low-rent houses. And if the accidental defeat of Couve de Murville cannot in any sense be regarded as a vote against de Gaulle's foreign policy, the defeat of M. Messmer, the Minister of Defense, may be regarded at least partly as a vote against the expensive and not perhaps very effective *force de frappe*, which the Left would like to scrap.

The new Assembly will look rather different from the last one where, with 282 seats, the Gaullists and their allies had a large majority. Now they have only 244, the most precarious majority imaginable. It is too early to say what other right-wing or Center members they may win or buy over to increase their working effectiveness. In any case, there seems no alternative to a Gaullist government; the Left, Communists included, certainly hasn't enough deputies to form a cabinet. A more important question is whether this election marks the beginning of a long-term disintegration of the Gaullists as the government party. What really holds together this strange assortment of first- second- and third-generation Gaullists is the General himself; will the peculiar "technocratic" style of the young Gaullists and the historic *mystique* of the older Gaullists survive the General—who is now in his 77th year?

De Gaulle is clearly fed up with the election results. The "parties," whom he has so consistently despised, have

made a rather impressive comeback. It is too early to say what will happen when the new Assembly meets. It is possible that de Gaulle may seek a convenient opportunity or pretext for holding a new election, which might be more favorable to the Gaullists, but that is not likely to happen in the very near future.

An issue that is apt to be settled sooner is whether de Gaulle, impressed by the support given to the Left, will embark on a more generous social policy—which alone might now improve the Gaullists' long-term prospects—or whether, on the contrary, he contemplates turning the present relatively liberal, live-and-let-live regime into a much tougher one. Although there are, especially among the older Gaullists, quite a few near-Fascist thugs (one of them, M. Sanguinetti, was well beaten), my own guess is that de Gaulle will decide for a more generous social policy. His economic conservatism and social stinginess are the real reasons for the Gaullists' election setback (not to say defeat). In the area of foreign policy, the French people have no quarrel with de Gaulle. On some questions, like Vietnam, they are, one might even say, 100 per cent with him. However, Vietnam was not an election issue; schools, houses and hospitals were. And so also—though perhaps to only a minor extent—was the *force de frappe*. The French love prestige, provided it doesn't cost too much. One can, however, be sure that whatever concessions de Gaulle makes, he will not budge one inch on the national deterrent issue. Apart from that, one can be sure that his next moves will be made with his eyes fixed on History.

THE DOMINION OF KNOW-HOW

The most fashionable subject of discussion in Europe at the moment, reports Thomas W. Ottenad in the St. Louis Post-Dispatch, is the "technology gap." But the "technology gap" and its twin, the "brain drain," are merely two closely related aspects of a many-faceted subject. Both are related to the overseas expansion of American investment capital and the problem of "development" in the underdeveloped world. In one sense, it can be plausibly argued (as in *New Society*, London, February 9, 1967) that the quickest way for Britain to overcome the "technology gap" would be to encourage the invasion of American investment capital. But there is more to the problem than relative technological advantage. No country likes to feel that it is in process of surrendering effective control of its economy. Despite voluntary restraints which Washington has been urging on industry, U.S. investment in Europe has been growing at the rate of \$11 million a day or \$4 billion a year, a process which *Newsweek* has labeled "The Great American Purchase."

Superior technology and know-how have been key factors in fueling this remarkable expansion. In civilian research, we outspend the European nations in the ratio of about 1.5 to 1, but in military and space research we spend four times more than they do. And those who have studied the matter contend that there is a definite "spin-

off" to the civilian economy from military and space research, particularly from the latter. German Finance Minister Franz Josef Strauss estimates that every dollar spent on space research ten years ago is worth four times as much in economic value today. Heavy spending on military and space research—in effect an aspect of our foreign policy—stimulates the "brain drain" not only from European nations to this country but from the underdeveloped nations to this country and to Europe. And nowadays there is also a "patent drain": Europe pays \$500 million a year more for American patent rights than the United States pays for European rights—a deficit, as *Newsweek* reports, twice as big as it was five years ago. In a sense what is under discussion is not so much the "free flow of capital" or the problem of adjusting currencies or technologies; the real phenomenon at issue is the functioning of the New American Imperium.

We discuss here the "brain drain" and "technology gap." In a subsequent issue, James Boyd will report on how these matters are viewed at the United Nations and what the UN specialized agencies are doing about them. For the associated problems relate not merely to the upsurge of American power but to the widening gap between rich and poor countries about which we have commented so often, for so many years. As Fred Hoyle points out in

the John Danz lectures (published as *Of Men and Galaxies*, University of Washington Press): "The Communist-anti-Communist theme, so easily whipped up in this country, is not going to be one of the issues that will affect the future of the world in any real marked degree. The real issues, I believe, rest on the impossibility of a long-term

favorable future for the human species if different parts of the earth remain in grossly different stages of development. On a long-term basis it simply is not possible to contemplate a life of prosperity and luxury in a few favorable cases on earth existing permanently alongside poverty and starvation everywhere else." The Editors

Wealth Attracts Talent

RUTH JORRIN

Mrs. Jorrin is a free-lance writer from England who has lived in this country for the past seven years.

We are in an age when education has become a necessity for survival rather than a privilege of the elite. And we are on the threshold of an era when learning will be extended to the whole of human society. The effects of this extension are already beginning to be felt.

Throughout the world the opportunity for a secondary education is expanding, and with this development comes the demand from individuals for education beyond the high school level. What happens when a person in, say, India, Korea, Argentina or Iran wishes to pursue his studies in the arts, the natural and social sciences or medicine? He finds in his own country overcrowded, understaffed and underequipped universities, and is forced to look elsewhere for his training. He turns to the scientifically and technologically advanced countries; in most cases he turns to the United States.

According to figures compiled by the National Science Foundation from 1952 to 1961, more than 30,000 trained engineers, 9,000 scientists and 14,000 physicians and surgeons came from other countries to settle permanently in the United States. The immigration of these 53,000 trained persons has been estimated as a net saving to the United States of about \$2 billion, which would have been spent to train a corresponding number of domestic talent.

In 1965, furthermore, changes in the immigration laws put an end to the "national-origins" quota system and gave priority on the basis of skills instead of ancestry. The effect is that, while exporting to the underdeveloped countries the materials with which they may build their bridges, schools and hospitals, we take from them the creative talent essential to a growing society.

It is a hard decision to cut oneself off from the ties and traditions of one's native environment and adopt new and alien ways. The motives may be as personal as the desire to see one's children grow up in a healthy social climate, free from discrimination of race, religion or politics; they may be the desire for equal professional opportunity, for political and economic stability. Above all, the student returning home from training abroad requires to be assured that there is a place for him. He wants assurance that his new knowledge will be valued, that he can contribute to the improvement of the standards of his country, and receive adequate compensation for his work.

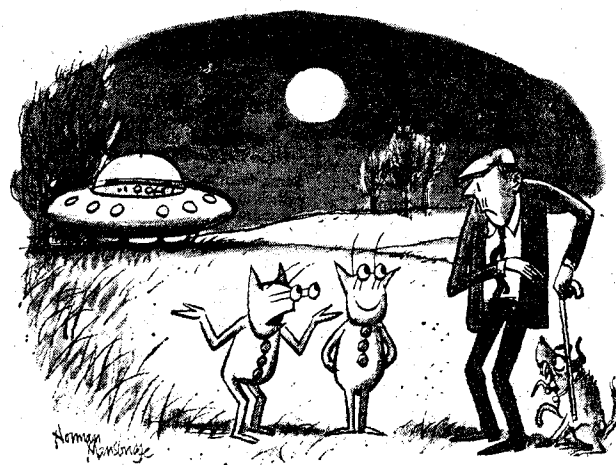
Unfortunately, the majority of students returning to the less developed countries find their newly acquired

knowledge of little use to themselves or to their country because the relevant working conditions and facilities are not available. A graduate student returning to India may be one of the lucky 10 per cent who find employment in his field. More probably, he will find himself among the other 90 per cent who work at such obscure jobs as clerk-typists in the various ministries.

Another factor that makes exiles of these students—the absence of a scientific tradition at home—has been commented upon by Dr. Stevan Dedijer, formerly director of the Boris Kidrich Institute of Nuclear Sciences in Belgrade:

It is frequently, and on the whole correctly, asserted that a tradition of scientific research is lacking in underdeveloped countries. . . . It is a matter of attitudes towards discovery, capacities to perceive problems, to sense the relevance of theories and observations, and vice versa. It is in part a frame of mind, which emanates from one person, which is received, perhaps through identification, by another person and which is constantly renewed and revised. If scientific policy is to be made effectively it must take into account the necessity of implanting and continuously reproducing the tradition of science, that paradoxical combination of continuity and innovation which is at the centre of scientific growth. . . .

Thus scientific talent tends to stay in an environment where it can function productively instead of returning home with a pocketful of dreams. And, in effect, the pre-science cultures suffer a "brain drain" of their highly trained people. For the emerging countries this situation



Punch

"Actually, We're Over Here To Recruit Doctors, Nurses and Trained Scientists."

is termed a "national catastrophe" by Dr. Charles V. Kidd of the United States Council for Science and Technology: "Not only are the talents of the individuals as scientists lost, but the nucleus of people who alone can build an indigenous base for science is dissipated."

The effect of a skilled person's departure from the local scene can also be measured by the extent of his co-workers' dependency on his particular skills, and by the length of time required to train his replacement. An engineer may leave many workers idle until his successor is trained. Between 1957 and 1961, South America lost 1,556 engineers, 213 chemists, 21 physicists and 47 biologists to the United States. The Asian migration to the United States for the same period was 1,810 engineers, 231 chemists, 61 physicists and 40 biologists. Out of 4,757 Taiwan students in all fields at present studying in the United States, only 46 returned home in 1961, and out of the total of 10,000 students studying abroad it is estimated that less than 10 per cent return. One must remember that these figures date from the period before the United States immigration laws were changed to favor the admittance of highly trained persons.

The picture is hardly more reassuring in the field of medicine. The Philippines, where the ratio is one doctor for every 12,000 inhabitants, provide hospitals in the United States (where the ratio is 750 inhabitants per doctor) with 2,108 residents and interns. For Nigeria's 30 million population, there are approximately 540 physicians and a ratio of one physician for every 56,000 inhabitants. Yet in 1963, sixteen Nigerian doctors were serving as residents or interns in United States hospitals.

The Educational Council for Foreign Medical Graduates estimates that almost 11,000 of the 41,102 resi-

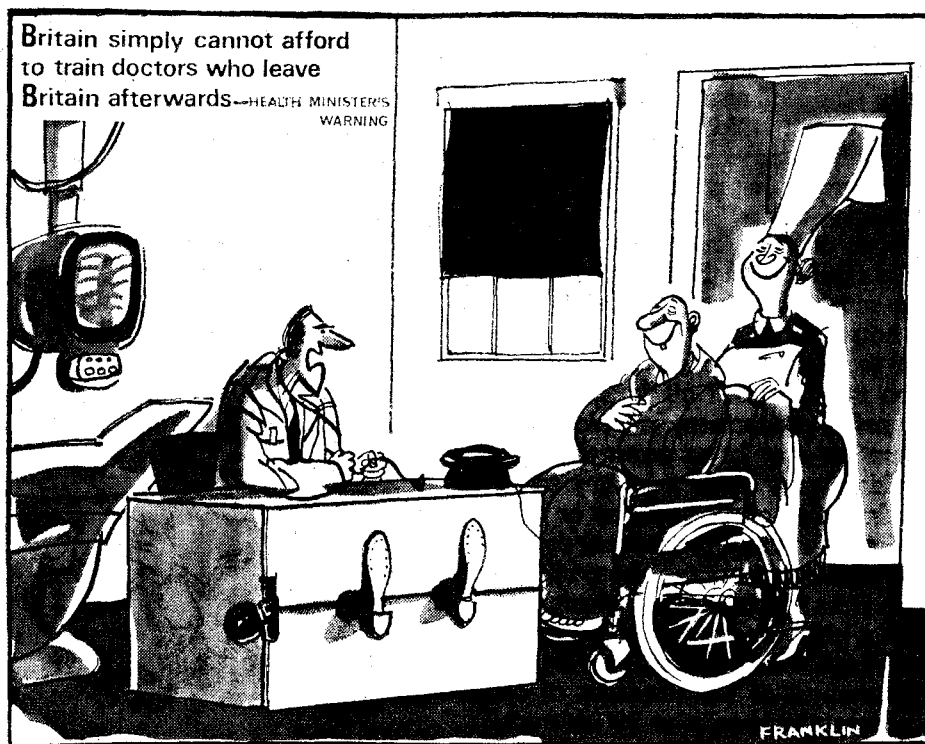
dents and interns serving in American hospitals are graduates of foreign medical schools, three-quarters of them from the developing countries. But then, as Dr. Howard A. Rusk of the Bellevue Medical Center states, "we simply do not have enough U.S. physicians to meet our hospitals' needs."

The Advisory Committee on Medical Research of the Pan-American Health Organization met in Washington in June, 1966, and on the subject of the migration of Latin American physicians to the United States, stated:

The gain by the United States is substantial. Even ignoring the Cuban migration, it would take three academic medical centers of average size to produce this many physicians (300 per year). To say nothing of the cost of building three teaching medical centers, it would cost more than \$15 million annually to operate them. The dollar value of this manpower approximately equals the cost of all U.S. medical assistance to Latin America.

It could be argued that student immigration to the United States is not a loss to the source country at all, since at home these trained people would have been unable to make an effective contribution. Abroad, they may follow scholarly and scientific pursuits of eventual benefit to society as a whole. In the same vein it could be argued that science in the United States has been invigorated by the migration of European scientists, that science as a whole is stimulated by the movement of people. But the technological revolution that we are now experiencing emphasizes dramatically that the economic health of a nation depends upon the use it makes of its intellectual power. The regions that fail intellectually will surely fail economically and remain poor and dependent upon those that are intellectually advanced.

Prof. Paul Ritterband of the Department of Sociology,



"Never Mind About Why I Haven't Emigrated . . . Just Undress and Shut Up!"

Daily Mirror (England)

Columbia University, gives the example of the illiterate ragpicker in the United States who "will have a higher real income than a man with a similar job in India precisely because of the contribution of the nonilliterates to the United States economy. Both men perform the same task, yet they are differentially compensated based upon the greater affluence of one country." It therefore seems essential that some brake be placed on the movement of talent away from the very countries needing it most, and that these countries should at least have a more nearly equal chance of keeping their skilled persons.

The migration of talent, especially in the field of science and technology, reduces the effectiveness of the talent that remains. In the words of Dr. Kidd, "A scientist is typically not only a producer of scientific findings. He is generally also a teacher and a provider of services of various kinds. . . . Scientists in poor countries bear a heavy responsibility for changing basic cultural values and for establishing and changing institutions."

The accusation has been made that some American corporations, talent scouting abroad, are taking on the image of the old army recruitment posters with Uncle Sam pointing that accusing finger at whatever bright young foreign student happens to be passing. This sort of campaigning does not sit well with the powers that be in Delhi or Dakar. The day may be near when the strain of the brain drain will be felt in American foreign policy.

The European case differs from the Asian, African or Latin American in that the skilled and experienced manpower is there and has a tradition to work in. After the destruction and chaos of World War II, in the words of Cornell President James A. Perkins, "Europe did not have to be invented; it only had to be remembered." But despite Europe's advantage over the less developed areas, it too begins to feel the pinch of lost brain power. A recent survey indicated that almost half the male upper-classmen at Cambridge University were seriously considering emigration, and more than 10 per cent had definitely decided to leave Great Britain permanently. In a technologically advanced country like Great Britain this loss of trained manpower leaves an immediate gap, as opposed to the potential one left in a pre-science culture.

We live in a rich world, but for most it is still a distressingly poor world. The 1960s were designated as the Development Decade by the United Nations. During the

three remaining years some 9 million human beings will die of starvation and malnutrition. The time is at hand when measures must be taken to narrow the margin between backward and advanced countries. The rising resentment that developing countries feel on discovering that they are losing their talent is a healthy sign of the growing awareness that priority must be given to this problem. These countries are coming to see that they must sacrifice present needs in other areas of the economy to devote maximum resources for the big scientific and technological jump forward. One way to achieve this is to build regional scientific centers in underdeveloped areas. Such joint research projects would create facilities whose cost would otherwise be prohibitive for individual countries. Although this task is difficult and politically delicate, the potential rewards are enormous.

Last October, Sen. Walter Mondale of Minnesota introduced a bill in Congress which included a proposal to authorize grants in the amount of \$5 million to United States institutions of higher education for programs involving students for developing countries. These programs would relate specifically to the needs of the home country and to the professional and occupational problems of the returning students. They would avoid an education which admirably fits graduates to become engineers for IBM or professors at American institutions, but causes them to lose contact with their homelands. Another proposal in the bill would make \$5 million available in grants or loans to developing countries for the promotion of experimental projects and operations designed to provide returning students with improved opportunities to carry on their careers.

Other steps in the right direction would be the education of scientists to the highest possible level at home before sending them abroad (the earlier they leave their countries the easier it is for them to become expatriates); closer contact between students abroad and their home countries through recruiting programs and the publicizing of employment opportunities abroad; stricter control of visas through bilateral agreements, although minimum reliance should be placed upon direct prohibitions on the movement of people. The goal sought is that local talent should have a free choice between staying or going, and should not be forced into migration by lack of stimulation and the feelings of isolation and frustration that arise from inadequate opportunities to create and serve.

Old Worlds To Conquer

HOWE MARTYN

Mr. Martyn is professor of international business and director of the International Business Research Laboratory, The American University. He is the author of International Business (Free Press).

The power and the profits obtainable from knowledge are being pursued in our era as 300 years ago the Spanish conquerors pursued Aztec and Inca gold. The profits from

knowledge benefit the people, thus serving a government purpose, and they strengthen governments by increasing their tax revenues. Knowledge also makes direct contributions to the power of governments, ranging from more efficient administration to more deadly weapons.

The phase of knowledge that yields power and profits is technology. This involves practice as well as study, and conditions of opportunity and incentive which have been found more frequently thus far in private enterprise than

in governmental institutions. Many governments complain that their nations are handicapped in the pursuit of prosperity and security by a technology gap between them and the most advanced countries, particularly the United States, and that this gap is growing. There is, however, another, deeper gap. This is between pure and applied knowledge, between the universities and industry, between research and development. The superiority of the United States is attributable to closing this gap by creating research and development in the innovational company. The needs of other countries can be met only by activity at a deeper level than that of governments or inter-governmental agencies. The most successful existing medium for spreading and plowing in technology is the multinational firm with its affiliated companies in many countries.

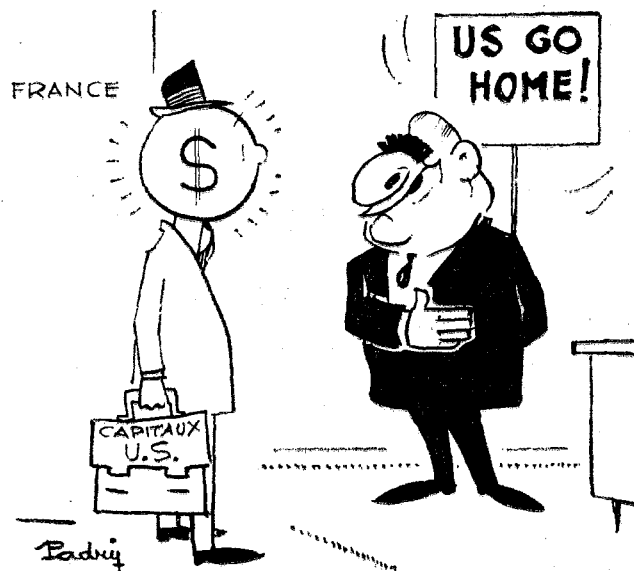
National governments, impressed by the power of knowledge shown in aerospace, and by its profits shown in automation, food processing, synthetics and pharmaceuticals (from penicillin to the birth-control pill), have become deeply concerned about their knowledge resources. Access to technology has become as important as access to petroleum in the strategies and struggles of national governments. They are crying alarm that the "technology gap" is placing even comparatively advanced Britain, Canada, France and West Germany at a grave disadvantage in competition with the United States and the USSR. Prime Minister Harold Wilson has cited a threat of "domination, or in the last resort subjugation," by American industrial technology as a reason for joining the Common Market.

Governments are seeking political solutions for this problem, both in national policies to promote technology and in demands for inter-governmental assistance. Canadian Trade Minister Robert Winters has included support for Canadian research in a list of "Guiding Principles of Good Corporate Behaviour" in a letter addressed to foreign company subsidiaries. President de Gaulle backs talk with action, using French economic planning to foster domestic industry and restrain foreign investment. The subject has reached the conference table of the Organization for Economic Cooperation and Development. In an apparent effort to mollify allied governments, President Johnson has directed a committee (established December 2, 1966) under his science adviser, Dr. Donald F. Hornig, to investigate the "technology gap."

Paradoxically, the alarm of national governments appears to arise in part because the "technology gap" is being rapidly filled. Their objections turn from the gap itself to the way it is being met—by subsidiaries of companies owned abroad, and with technology that appears, therefore, to be of foreign origin. There are two reasons for political distrust of this imported technology. One is that the springs of knowledge threaten to become concentrated in a very few countries. Possible sources at home dry up; exploration ceases; the best brains are drawn off to Boston or Berkeley. The Canadian Minister of Industry, C. M. Drury, has said: "Undue reliance on imported technology can impose definite limitations on the future viability and growth of Canadian industry. Any industry which is dependent on licensed or imported tech-

nology will lag behind the current state of the art and hence forfeit the rewards which stem from technical leadership. Moreover, it is generally accepted that industry must actively engage in research and development in order to assimilate and successfully exploit new technology." This same theme has been expressed by Robert Marjolin, president of the European Economic Community Commission.

The other fear is that a foreign subsidiary may be used



Padry, Aux Ecoutes (Paris): Ben Roth

"No . . . No . . . the Sign Is Not Meant for You."

as a Trojan horse. Grounds for this suspicion have been gratuitously supplied by shortsighted and clumsy efforts of the State Department and the CIA to obtain political ends under cover of commercial activities. A tactical error with the gravest consequences was the State Department obstruction of the sale by IBM through its French subsidiary of an advanced design computer, because of its possible use in the independent French nuclear effort. Most parent companies have been drawing out reasonable dividends from their foreign subsidiaries, and charging modest fees and royalties, while reinvesting heavily for capital gains from growth. That was, however, before the U.S. Government demanded maximum repatriation, in the guise of "voluntary restraint on foreign [re] investment," to help finance its Vietnamese venture. The present position is that the price paid by foreign countries for American technology has been raised to include contributions to Vietnam. This is not in accord with the national policies of some of the countries affected, and it is a hidden factor in their desire to find other ways to obtain technology. Subsidiaries of American companies get the blame, though they are only carrying out orders dictated to their parent companies, over the objections of farsighted American business leaders.

Nationalistic reactions to the "technology gap" are not unfamiliar; the question is whether they are suitable for modern conditions and needs. In 1666, Colbert established the Académie des Sciences in Paris as part of a program of economic nationalism which made the France

of Louis XIV rich and powerful. Bismarck's tariff protection helped close the 19th-century gap between German industry and Britain, especially with new chemicals. A "national policy" instituted by Sir John A. Macdonald in 1871 stimulated the transfer of manufacturing for the Canadian market from the United States to American subsidiaries which were then established in Canada. More recently, the alleged missile gap between the United States and Russia, given credibility by the sputniks, provoked a great American effort, at levels from "new math" in the public schools to "operations research" in the Pentagon.

There can surely be some question, however, as to whether the 400-year-old system of national rivalries is the only way to promote the growth and spread of modern industrial technology. Nationalistic solutions for the technology gap involve the waste of duplication. This is rising steeply with the cost of modern research and development, as instanced by the burden on France of its nuclear effort. There is also reason to doubt that technological progress can continue without a broad international basis for exchanging ideas and experience. Germans have designed rockets for both the United States and the Soviet Union.

If it is to survive, the private enterprise firm must provide benefits for customers from the development and use of technology, though profits for the firm are the immediate motive and measure of accomplishment. Customers are not limited by nationality. A method of pursuing mutual benefits that has been tremendously successful in the postwar years is the interchange of technology with subsidiary companies organized or purchased in foreign countries. Objections are made, even by the few people and governments that understand the role of the firm, that the price is too high, that only the use of

technology is supplied, and not participation in its creation. It is within the power of companies to answer these objections, and much has been done to answer them.

It is true that primary research cannot be fragmented so far as to give a crumb to every country where a multinational company may operate. It is spread, however, to countries where scientists find the right conditions, and companies in aggregate spread research widely. IBM has a new laboratory on the Riviera. The Eli Lilly drug firm sponsors an international network of research outside the United States—on mumps in Argentina, diabetes in West Germany, leprosy in Liberia, cancer in Canada. The president of American Cyanamid, Kenneth H. Klipstein, has said: "Our Cyanamid European Research Institute, located in Geneva, is staffed entirely with top European scientists and devoted to long-range inquiry into the chemical and physical sciences."

However, what companies are doing to bridge technology gaps is failing to allay suspicion and quiet criticism. While companies are becoming more adaptable to the needs of different nations, the accusations of imperialism are becoming sharper, notably from our closest associates, Britain and Canada. What other influences can there be to cause this serious threat to the capability for economic and social progress offered by international companies? A superficial answer is nationalism, but this is a defensive reaction in countries like Canada. Another influence is foreign distrust of the U.S. Department of State, which is suspected of aiming to commandeer the potential political influence of subsidiaries in other countries, as Britain previously used its export-import domination, and as Russia seeks to exploit social-reform movements. Only the State Department can answer this criticism—and at the moment it is handicapped by a credibility gap.

MISSISSIPPI

STARVING BY THE RULE BOOK

**RICHARD A. CLOWARD
and FRANCES FOX PIVEN**

Mr. Cloward and Mrs. Piven are members of the faculty of the Columbia University School of Social Work.

It is now widely proclaimed that the civil rights movement in the South is dead. Newspaper reports say that only a handful of workers remain on the payrolls of established organizations; mass confrontations of Negroes with Southern whites seem things of the past. But these were only the dramatic outward signs of the movement; protest can be less visible and yet spread and mount. This seems to be happening in the South. Many of the civil rights activists are still there: they have settled into the communities for a long struggle, often supporting themselves with conventional jobs. They are still organizing, except that the goals have gone beyond public accommodations, school desegregation and voting

rights. The new issues are economic—bred of starvation and of governmental policies that keep people in abysmal poverty. Impelled by these, a new movement is beginning to surface.

On February 17 and 18, the Mississippi State Advisory Committee to the United States Commission on Civil Rights, aided by commission staff members, convened informal hearings at Jackson to consider public welfare as it is administered under the laws and rules of Mississippi. As the grand ballroom of the King Edward Hotel filled with 800 Negro poor, committee members were confronted by the first manifestations of the new movement.

The proceeding began with the committee hearing formal complaints from a number of welfare recipients. Many receive much less than the maximum public-assistance grant. The average payment to a family of four is \$36 a month; the legal maximum is \$50. Many

others are eligible, but benefits are arbitrarily denied. In some cases grants are erratically reduced; a family receives \$38 one month, \$20 the next and then, perhaps, nothing at all. Each instance of aid denied implies a family close to starvation and then cast into it. The committee seemed incredulous; one member asked: "How is it they don't die?" A young law student—one of dozens in the South working with the welfare recipients' movement—replied, "They do die, slowly."

Tales spilled out of intimidation and harassment by welfare officials. A woman said that in her county the welfare administrator sends the monthly checks to the local storekeeper (who is also his wife), presumably as payment against recipients' accounts. People who protest this practice are cut off the rolls. Other women claimed that they are threatened with loss of their meager checks if they "consort" with men.

People are also kept from getting benefits by a host of rules. Under the "employable mother" rule—formally ensconced in Georgia's regulations but followed informally in Mississippi and elsewhere—welfare administrators deny aid to any woman whom they deem able to work, whether or not a job is available, and regardless of the number or age of her children. No supplement is given if her wages are less than the scheduled welfare grants, as they often are. Georgia's rule is now being challenged in the federal courts. If the challenge is successful, as seems likely, tens of thousands of people will become eligible under the law. By contesting these and similar practices, the emerging grass-roots movement assists people to get on the rolls.

Much testimony was elicited at the hearings on Mississippi's "work-experience" program, ostensibly designed to fit the welfare poor for profitable employment. The welfare department approaches this goal simply by assigning people to private entrepreneurs, who are told to "use them any way you can." As a result, work experience is provided in dishwashing and heavy cleaning; women are "trained" to cut grass and to haul sacks of building material. Since the program is fully reimbursed by the federal government, participants are paid full subsistence during their few months of training, and that may amount to as much as \$250 a month. Then they go back on the relief rolls (if they can get on), and to a dole of not more than one-fifth of the training allowance. They are scarcely equipped by their stint of training for decent employment, nor is such employment available for many in Mississippi.

The State Advisory Committee, composed mainly of middle-class Negroes, seemed confused by these recitals, unable to order the issues or to grasp their significance. Thus a member would interrupt a tale of physical brutality on the part of a welfare worker to ask whether the worker used "courtesy titles." Testimony about the work-experience programs elicited a question about how many Negroes were employed by the state department of social welfare (which could proudly claim three or four).

The second day's session opened with testimony from two officials of the state department of social welfare. Challenged about evidence given of welfare abuses, they

explained that the system was in general lawful and just, that some mishaps were inevitable in a department with 1,500 employees. (In Mississippi each case worker has a load of 300 clients. This works as an unintended benefit for recipients—investigators have little time for snooping under the guise of counseling and rehabilitation.) The officials promised that the evidence would be looked into and errors quickly corrected. Pressed on the question of whether investigators use courtesy titles, one official replied that he himself had been a case worker, and he knew that courtesy titles were sometimes appropriate and sometimes inappropriate; it depends on the degree of warmth and informality that exists between worker and recipient.

The second official, speaking in the booming tones of the Southern politician, was more forthright. The problem was money, and he was caught between "the devil and the deep blue sea." Mississippi, he noted, is the poorest state in the nation, but it ranks far from the bottom in the proportion of the state budget that goes for welfare. He had to deal with the legislature, and the legislature didn't like promiscuity. *He* knew that only 20 per cent of the children on welfare were illegitimate, but the legislature didn't.

To the demand that recipients be given access to welfare manuals specifying criteria of eligibility, the officials replied that the rules were extremely complex and could not be simplified; that they were set forth in nine manuals which could be distributed only at prohibitive cost, and that changes were continually being made, so that any manuals given to recipients would quickly become obsolete. In any event, recipients wouldn't be able to understand the manuals: even when the rules were explained to them again and again, they couldn't get them straight. The manuals would only compound this confusion. Recipients, the officials said, should have greater confidence in the skill and good faith of welfare personnel.

Neither the commission staff nor the committee members appeared to know much about the welfare apparatus. It remained for Edward Sparer, head of the Center on Law and Social Welfare, sponsored by the Columbia University School of Social Work, to correct ambiguous and sometimes false testimony by officials regarding laws, administrative rules and actual practices in Mississippi. Sparer, called as an expert witness, pointed out, for example, that only one of the nine volumes of the welfare code, and a small section of another, dealt with eligibility for public assistance. He offered to compile a simplified manual if the welfare department would reproduce and distribute it. The officials demurred. (Actually, Sparer has already produced such a manual, and it is being distributed by the NAACP Legal Defense Fund.)

The chief of the federal Bureau of Family Services also testified. His opening statement was bland, appeasing: "Progress is being made," he assured the committee. When asked to describe what federal authorities were doing to oversee welfare practices in Mississippi, he referred to federal "quality-control" programs under which a sampling of cases is reviewed—but by *state* personnel! Did he deny the evidence pre-



sented thus far? He evaded and reassured: everyone makes mistakes; the cases would be looked into.

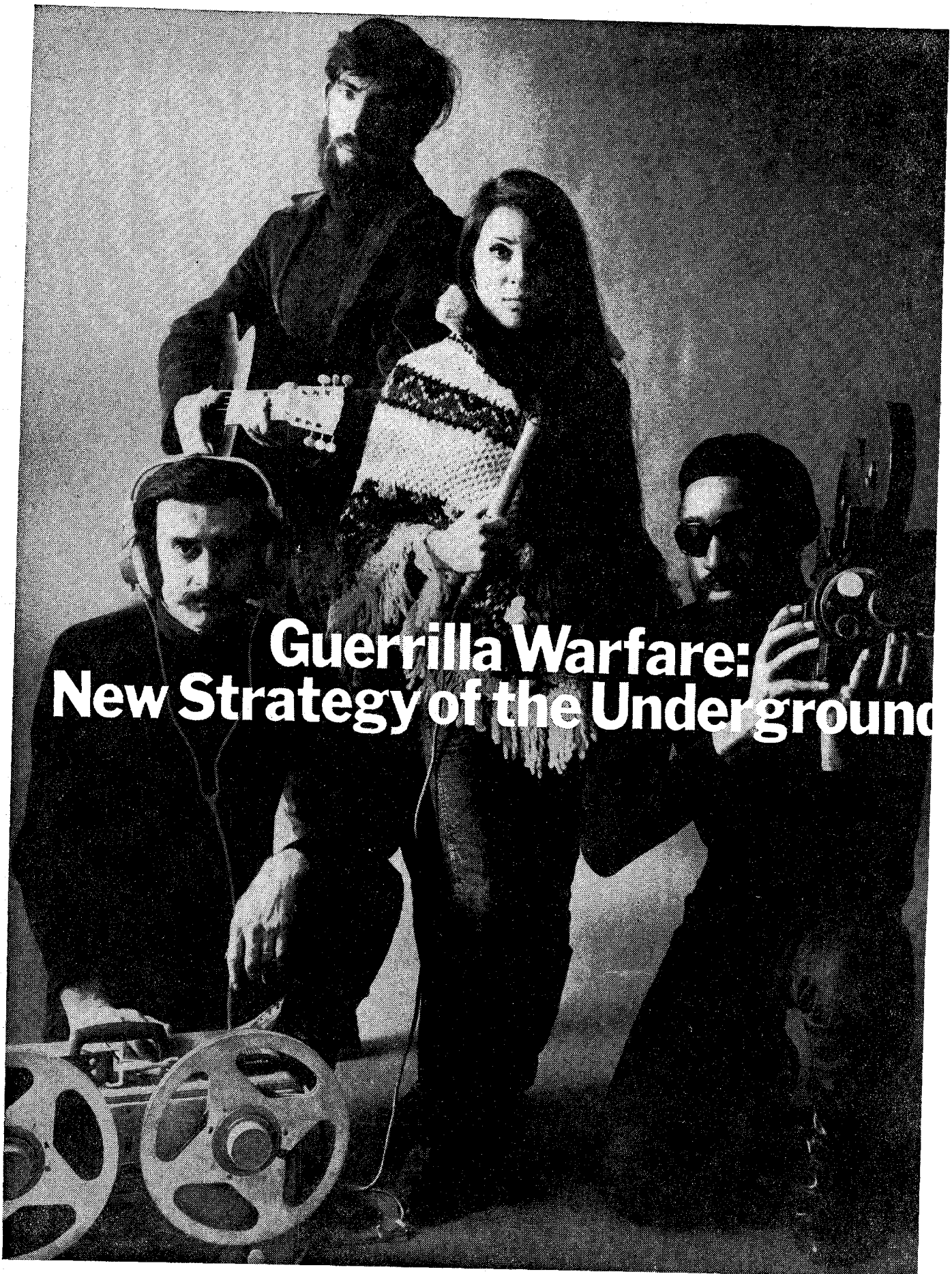
Local organizers had scheduled a rally for the second day of the hearings to protest recent policy changes in food-distribution programs, which are forcing many people toward starvation. Under Department of Agriculture regulations, two food-distribution programs are available to localities, both administered by the state welfare department. In one program, surplus commodities are distributed free to those declared eligible. Under the other, recipients can buy food stamps, with a graduated bonus provided according to income level. Thus a family of four with a monthly income of \$60 can purchase food stamps for \$26 which are worth \$60 in a store. The size of the dollar spread decreases as income increases. According to the Food Stamp Act of 1964, a locality must choose between these programs; it cannot have both. The food-stamp program is superior in principle, for stamps can be used to buy a variety of products, whereas participants in the direct-distribution program are limited to the commodities available in surplus. But many people lack money to buy the stamps, some because they are arbitrarily excluded from the welfare rolls, and others because they get so little.

The surplus-commodities program has sustained 400,000 people in Mississippi with free corn, meal, flour and lard (the answer to the mystery of why they don't die). But this program is now being suspended in one county after another in favor of the food-stamp program. When a county switches to stamps, participation typically falls off by about 75 per cent. The poor are given a desperate choice: starve or leave. Regular wel-

fare policies, together with federal agricultural subsidies which reward mechanization by large landholders, drove 2 million Negroes from Southern rural areas between 1960 and 1965 alone. The recent changes in food-distribution programs will add to the pressure for flight. (See editorial: "Off the Land," *The Nation*, February 27.)

When the time came for the scheduled rally, the crowd would not leave the hearings. People milled about during the luncheon recess, talking angrily. At that point, George Wiley, director of the Poverty/Rights Action Center in Washington (which is working to develop a national movement of welfare recipients), took the microphone to urge people to tell their stories. A struggle over the mike ensued with commission staff members, but by then the people were aroused. One after another, they moved up to give their version of the food-stamp catastrophe, each story echoing the others. When the meeting was officially reconvened at 2 P.M., it was clear that the hearings themselves had become the rally. One committee member, presumably a white "moderate," demanded that the Jackson police be called.

Formal testimony was finally resumed, and the crowd quieted temporarily as Sparer gave a step-by-step account of what the federal government could do under existing statutes to compel changes in Mississippi's practices. Wiley then testified, charging that the inactivity of the federal government was a form of collusion with Mississippi to starve the people out. When he turned to the crowd and said that nothing would change unless people organized, they applauded wildly. Then the hearings ended.



There's a new scene on the New Left. The culture wing is taking over with a battle style all its own. Like a small band of guerillas, they hit and run with slashing spontaneous poems, quick committed journalism, underground films, propaganda wrapped in folk-rock music, and savage satire unleashed from Off-Broadway launching sites.

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WINNING HEARTS IN VIETNAM

Instructing the Peasants

KARL H. PURNELL

Mr. Purnell is a former member of the Pennsylvania legislature and publisher of The Union County Journal of Lewisburg, Pa.

Saigon

The reconnaissance plane skimmed across the village at treetop level. Standing knee deep in the rice fields, the farmers looked up from their work, tipping their white conical hats forward and reflecting angry surprise at the small silver plane roaring by just above them. Then a shot sounded from behind the plane, a loud crack easily heard through the wind rushing by the open windows of the plane. Pressing the small intercom button, I called to the pilot. "Somebody's shooting at us."

He too had heard the shot and was pulling back on the stick, sending the single-engine plane into a steep climb. "You see where that came from?" he asked.

"No idea." It was indeed impossible to tell where the sniper was located. He might have fired from one of the small, thatched huts in the village or he might have been concealed in one of the many tree lines which had flashed by as we buzzed the area.

"I sure don't like getting shot at," the pilot muttered. Then, almost as an afterthought, "I'm wondering whether to call an air strike on that village."

The wind was still blowing through the windows of the plane as we circled high above the village. Far off to the east, the South China Sea glistened like a silver bowl under the warm afternoon sun.

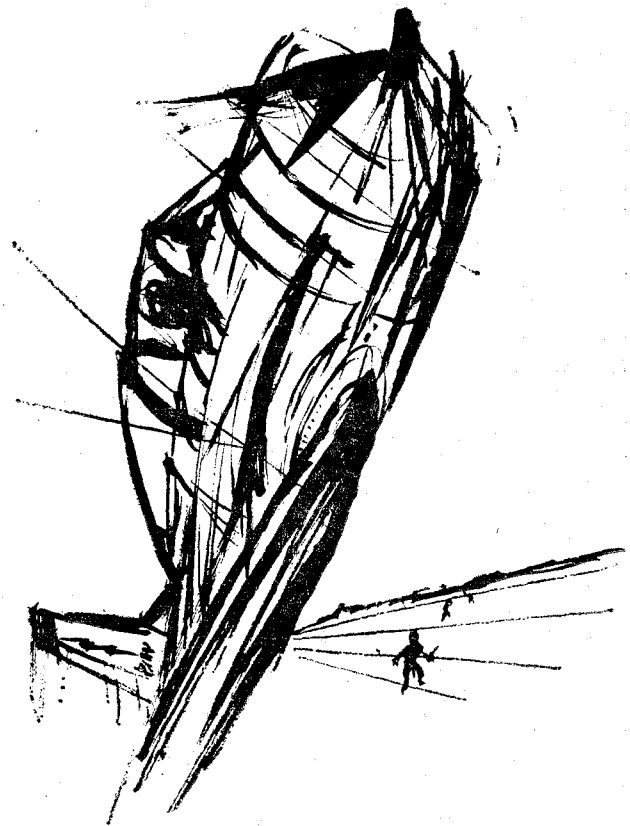
Until the shot was fired, it had been a routine mission. We had flown down the coast, looking for enemy troop movements or suspicious constructions that might signal a new Vietcong bunker or trench system. Many of the villages had recently been burned out by the troops operating in the area. The huts were little more than black skeletons of bamboo sticks protruding lifelessly into the sky; the trees and shrubbery were scorched brown and gray. Endless parallel tracks, interlaced among the fields and into the villages, showed where tanks and armored personnel carriers had smashed and ploughed their way through the area.

The green rice stalks, ready for harvesting, rippled in the breeze like a field of rich Iowa wheat. However, the fields were not being harvested. The peasants had scattered for the mountains or to the teeming refugee camps miles to the north. The area had been designated a "fire free zone" where anything that moved was fair game for troops, artillery and airplanes.

But the village below had somehow been spared. Either it was not "hard-core VC" or the enemy had decided not to fight from the nearby trenches and bunkers, so the troops had not bothered to destroy it. The fields were being worked and the people were moving back and forth along the paths to the long rows of huts. As

we swept overhead, I had noticed that whole families were busy shelling and drying rice in front of the small mud and thatch houses.

This is a familiar sight in Vietnam during the rice-harvesting season. Everyone pitches in. Men, women and children help pour the brown rice kernels from one round basket to another as they squat on the hard, dirt patio in front of the huts. Old women, with teeth stained red from betel nut, quack like ducks in their



high-pitched voices as their gnarled fingers rub the shells from the small grains of rice. The smaller children run in and out of the huts, sometimes playing hide-and-seek behind the trees, then running down to the paddies to splash about naked in the cool water.

The plane circled two more times and then the pilot's voice sounded over the intercom.

"You know, I'm going to teach those folks a lesson. I'm calling for an air strike."

Having made the decision, he began calling for his radio operator, stationed back at the air base and ready to relay information to the central control headquarters.

"This is Green Marker to Alpha."

A young, tense voice acknowledged the message.

"This is Alpha, go ahead Green Marker, over."

"This is Green Marker. I am calling air strike in a village down here where someone just shot at me. It was probably a .30 or .50 caliber weapon. Here are the coordinates of the village."

The pilot read off the exact location of the area below. Then there were a few moments of silence as the operator cleared the strike through higher channels.

"I sure don't like hitting villages, but they gotta learn to quit shooting at us," the pilot said over the intercom.

Then the radio operator came back on. The strike had been cleared through American and Vietnamese authorities. A call for jet bombers had been placed.

"Probably take fifteen to twenty minutes before we can get the planes," the operator said.

Below, the villagers were unaware of the fate being organized for them. The jets would surprise them. They would appear on the horizon, dark and slim against the blue sky. There would be a primary pass for observation. Before the roar of the engines had settled across the village, the planes would do a climbing turn. Then they would level out and swoop in a neat arc toward the village. As they reached the bottom of the dive, two bright silver cylinders would drop from the planes's wings and drift toward the village. There would be a flash of brilliant orange and red fire, then a billow of smoke. Seconds later, the low "whrmmp" of the explosion would echo through the air. Then, as the planes straightened for a second pass, the rubble of the huts would still be smoking.

When it was over, only twisted trees and smoldering sticks would mark the spot where the village had stood. I had been through villages where this had happened. It was easy to imagine what it would be like in those huts below after the air strike.

After the wounded had been sorted out and placed in litters for the long hike to either a Vietcong camp or an American base, the dead would be prepared for burial. They would be placed in rough coffins and the women would wail and cry, clawing at the coffins and spreading tears across the white, unpainted boards.

The radio crackled again. It was a small stroke of luck for the village.

"Sir," said Alpha, "there don't seem to be any planes available right now. However, there is an ARVN artillery battery within range."

The pilot checked the map and located the Vietnamese artillery unit which was located at the base of a small mountain only 3 miles away.

"I guess we'll go ahead with that. Not the same as an air strike," he muttered over the intercom.

The pilot told the operator that he would call the artillery. Then, switching the frequency of the radio, he called the American adviser to the battery. The plane moved slightly to the north to avoid the incoming shells as the artillery unit lined up its direction of fire.

Suddenly, the artillery officer half whispered over the radio "On the way, over."

The first round was short of the village. A spout of water leaped skyward as the shell exploded in a rice field. By now, the villagers realized what was happening. They had disappeared from the paths and the fields.

The village was as deserted as the burned-out hamlets we had seen earlier in the afternoon. What was a bustling village only twenty minutes before was now an empty series of brown huts and green fields.

The pilot radioed corrections and a few minutes later the artillery officer said again: "On the way, over."

The second time, four shells landed simultaneously as the entire battery fired from the mountain base. Two rounds scored directly. A flash of fire and cloud of smoke rose up from the spot where a hut had stood. The other two shells burst in a nearby field.

In the next ten minutes, the artillery unit poured thirty-five rounds of the high explosive 105mm. shells into the village. Many of the shells exploded in nearby fields and only three or four huts were destroyed.

Finally the pilot called over the radio. "Okay, that will do it."

On the intercom, he muttered, "This ARVN artillery isn't worth a damn. With an air strike I could have put bombs within 20 feet of any spot in the village."

When the artillery had finished, the pilot circled once more over the village. Then in a final dive to 1,000 feet, he released two small rockets attached to the plane's wings.

The small plane shuddered from the shock as the rockets were fired, then climbed steeply.

"Hey, I got a haystack; no, two of them." Sure enough, each rocket had hit a stack of dry, brown grass and both were burning brightly a few yards from a hut.

As he started back toward the airfield, the sun was beginning to settle across the distant mountain. The pilot called his radio operator. "How about running over to the mess hall and tell them to hold up something to eat. We'll be back in about fifteen minutes."

"I sure am hungry," he added over the intercom.

Country Fair

EDWARD LAMB

Mr. Lamb is the Toledo industrialist and author of No Lamb for Slaughter (Harcourt Brace & World).

Saigon

The United States Army, First Division, has a giant military base at Lai Khe, some hundred miles north of Saigon. It was from this heavily armed position that the Big Red Division cleared and flattened the Iron Triangle. And when I was there it was the scene of operations described as Country Fairs—a Madison Avenue approach to the conversion of the Vietcong in several hostile neighboring villages.

Just 8 miles north, we moved in with the American troops as they staged the spectacle for the hamlet of Am Loi. It is a typical town of some 500 inhabitants who had lived under the VC for many years. U.S. and South Vietnamese troops surrounded the village at four in the morning—a cordon of mortars, tanks and more than a battalion of heavily armed troops. The town having been



effectively sealed, a company of Americans and a sizable number of South Vietnamese, including defectors and informers from the village, surprised the sleeping villagers. * tagged along as the troops searched every hut and interviewed every villager.

Seventy-seven suspected members of the Vietcong were herded into a quickly roped-off compound, to be held there in the broiling sun for some eight hours. They were joined by six or seven "guerrillas" captured on the outskirts of the hamlet. There were some eight draft dodgers but no one from North Vietnam. The hard core from Hanoi usually stay out of town both day and night. During the entire time of the "Country Fair" operation, the old men of the hamlet were confined to their huts, ostensibly to guard their belongings from the South Vietnamese soldiers, who are pretty much hated by the villagers.

Tents were erected. Food, including beans and hot dogs, as well as balloons and candy, was distributed. Another tent housed doctors and dentists, who accepted volunteer but very scared patients. All the time, a jazz band played.

The American soldiers who went into town remained quietly on the outskirts. The captured men were questioned in a darkened room. Each suspect came in and faced his accuser, hiding behind a black-face mask: U.S. Maj. Robert Sweitzer said that at least 10 per cent of the men would admit their membership at the outset, another 10 per cent would "come clean" when hauled away to the military base camp. The balance would be returned to their homes in the hamlet.

After several hours the fair ended, since it was necessary to get away from the village well before dark. The prisoners were marched down the road to the waiting

helicopters. We passed dead Vietcong. Our soldiers leave the dead where they find them. Land mines were all over the place, and Major Sweitzer ordered the draft dodgers to precede us. At least a dozen bamboo booby traps were unearthed. Several dozen 5-gallon cans of concentrated sugar were captured in the village and destroyed. Sixty bags of rice were hauled away.

The alleged VCs were torn away from their tearful families. Rations were packed and loaded aboard military transports. The carnival was over. Some political indoctrination had been attempted and the troops were safely out of the hamlet.

I talked to dozens of Americans about this hit-and-run tactic. Many believe it may be a good promotional stunt, but not of much permanent social significance. For good or ill, the Country Fair technique is hitting about a dozen villages in South Vietnam every week.

LETTERS (continued from page 418)

teres, in the amours of its employees that it will, if necessary, act as matchmaker to deliver its wards from a sinful life." He supports this with a colored account of a young woman who was warned "that she would be fired if she didn't come up with a very good explanation for having spent a weekend in a Virginia motel with her boy friend." The fact is that the commission came into the case only when the employing agency requested an investigation of her arrest on charges of destruction of property and cohabitation as the climax of that "weekend." Moreover, the tone of Sherrill's statement is in no measure justified by the language actually used by the commission. In transmitting the interrogatory to the employee, it was stated: "Your appointment to the above position was made subject to investigation to determine your suitability for that position. We invite your comments or explanation on the information in the attached statement which was disclosed by this investigation."

(5) We are unable to identify the fifth case cited in the article, allegedly involving a former Presbyterian minister.

(6) The last case cited the Scott case which is now pending appellate court action. Sherrill alleges that the commission released information in this case to the county of Fairfax, Va. He is in error. The shoe was on the other foot; the county provided the commission with some information.

John W. Macy, Jr., Chairman
U.S. Civil Service Commission

Washington, D. C.

DEAR SIR: The material on which I based my two reports is to be found in the files of Senator Ervin, in the files of the American Civil Liberties Union in Washington, and in the files of the American Federation of Government Employees. It included letters from employees and from the USCS, and official case histories. I also talked with several USCS officials and did research in the USCS library. For further details about working conditions under USCS, I call attention to the 32 pages of complaints and criticism inserted into the *Congressional Record* of Feb. 21, 1967, beginning with page 2348. Although it is Mr. Macy's practice to deny everything, I was encouraged to see that he was willing to admit the harassment in items 1, 2, 3, 4, although, of course, he insists on different interpretations. When you can get a hyper-defensive bureaucrat to admit that much, reform may indeed be possible.

Robert G. Sherrill

BOOKS & THE ARTS

Gents of the Disestablishment

DIARIES AND LETTERS: 1930-1939. By Harold Nicolson. Edited by Nigel Nicolson. Atheneum Publishers. 448 pp. \$7.50.

WINDS OF CHANGE: 1914-1939. By Harold Macmillan. Harper & Row. 584 pp. \$10.

GEORGE DANGERFIELD

Mr. Dangerfield is the author, most recently, of *The Awakening of American Nationalism, 1815-1828* (Harper & Row). His other books include *Chancellor Robert R. Livingston of New York* and *The Era of Good Feelings* (both Harcourt, Brace).

There are not many points of contact between these two most dissimilar but complementary books: a spontaneous, various diary; a formal political memoir. The connections which are made are quite accidental and usually refreshing. For example, in *Winds of Change*, one finds a mysterious reference to Stanley Baldwin: "He looked worried but very calm on the whole I thought. He licked and smelt a good many things but that was his only sign of inward strain." In *Diaries and Letters*, this becomes: "There is something very strange about Stanley Baldwin. At first sight he is a solid English gentleman, but then one observes odd nervous tricks. He has an extraordinarily unpleasant habit of smelling his notes and licking the edges slightly as if they were the flap of an envelope. . . ." This composite vignette is certainly memorable. Again, in the *Diaries*, Nicolson writes that he had delivered his maiden speech in the Commons and that it had gone off well, but "the matter was too thin." It is Macmillan who tells us, in *Winds*, that Nicolson on this occasion "declared frankly that he had spent sleepless nights wondering whether in all honesty he could retain his seat." Surely one of the oddest maiden speeches uttered in that House.

In spite of these sleepless nights, however, Nicolson did retain his seat—for ten years. And this brings me to what is complementary in these two books. Both are first volumes in works which come temporarily to rest in 1939, and both gather political momentum as they approach that fatal year. Both authors were in rebellion against Neville Chamberlain, their ostensible leader; and each represents—one as an amateur,

the other as a professional—a familiar form of political dissent.

One might say that each is a member of the social establishment and the political disestablishment. "Disestablishment," specifically, refers to the "withdrawal of especial State patronage and control from a Church" (Oxford English Dictionary). In English history, it recalls some violent political battles, but it also constellates a substantial agreement: for while its champions succeeded in disestablishing the Church of Ireland and the Church of Wales, they refrained from performing this feat with the Church of England. And a member of the disestablishment, if one removes from the term its specifically ecclesiastical meaning, can be described as someone who nibbles or knocks away at the outworks of an establishment, but never seriously menaces its central structure. In America, one might call this "consensus."

In order to be a disestablishmentarian, one must first consider oneself as belonging by right to the establishment. Let us glance at the career of Harold Nicolson, as it is revealed in these *Diaries*. In 1930 he had resigned from the Foreign Service (where his father, Lord Carnock, had preceded him) in order to become a journalist, in the pay of Lord Beaverbrook. Although more than competent at this trade, he grew dissatisfied and made up his mind to enter politics: first through Sir Oswald Mosley's New Party, which disillusioned him because it was Fascist and not (as he seems to have hoped) a Keynesian revival of Young England; then by joining his fortunes to the predominantly Conservative government, as a member of something called National Labour.

National Labour was a tiny rump of M.P.s, gathered around Ramsay MacDonald, after he had defected from the Labour Party. In order to win his seat for National Labour at West Leicester in 1935, which he did by a margin of eighty-seven votes over the regular Labour candidate, Nicolson had to command the unanimous support of the Conservatives. Thus he entered the political establishment, which Baldwin and Chamberlain were leading to the right and downhill, with the comfortably Hegelian air of being both there and not there.

He began the writing of his diaries in 1930, and he continued making entries

until 1964: they are about 3 million words long, and the editor, Nigel Nicolson (the diarist's son), says that he has selected for publication one-twentieth of the whole. There are also some letters, usually written to Nicolson's wife, Victoria Sackville-West, the poet and novelist. Composed in haste and never revised, both diaries and letters are wonderfully readable, particularly if you accept them as pure genre—a series of unstudied landscapes and interiors, revealing the environment and pursuits of a well-bred, fashionable, slightly bohemian Englishman.

Nicolson protested that his daily jottings did not constitute "a work of literature or self-revelation but a mere record of activity." Yet his self is patently not of the kind which, confronted with a sheet of blank paper, is likely to go into hiding. What kind of self then is it? Amiable, certainly; amusing, affectionate, vivid—all these, and something else. In the course of his introduction, Nigel Nicolson offers the following sketch:

[Harold Nicolson] knew that he belonged to an elite, an elite more of intelligence than of birth, and he tended to feel that people outside that elite had something wrong with them: business men, for example, the humbler type of schoolmaster or clergyman, most women, actors, most Americans, Jews, all coloured or Levantine peoples, and the great mass of the middle and working classes. Dullness or duplicity of mind irritated him. He felt sorry for them, but he had no wish to understand them, and a single false note in their conversation or even their pronunciation, an ugly ornament on the mantelpiece, a doily under the plate or a grapefruit on it, were enough to render them uninteresting to him. . . .

These sentences are certainly baffling. How can dullness or duplicity of mind put a doily under a plate or a grapefruit on it? How could a person, possessed of all these unamiable characteristics belong to any elite? Or could this be an attempt at describing the historical *morgue anglaise*, the freezing blank stare turned upon outsiders, such as Lady Catharine de Bourgh employed when she visited Elizabeth's home in *Pride and Prejudice*?

Nothing of the kind. If you take the sensible precaution of reading the text before tackling the introduction, you will find that Nigel Nicolson has contrived

(unwittingly) a somewhat cruel caricature of his father, the diarist. Harold Nicolson does not stare or glare. Confronted with the unfamiliar, he draws in his horns like a snail, or rolls up like a hedgehog. "If we opened the [foreign] service, it might be flooded by clever Jews"; "I loathe the dark races"; "Every American is more or less as vulgar as any other American"; "He looked like an assistant master at an inferior private school." These remarks, taken out of context, descend in scale from the detestable to the nasty; but really they are all on the same level; they are relatively shallow, prickly, sticky, merely petulant. The man who wrote them is (as the *Diaries* prove) conventionally democratic and humane. His deepest and most ineradicable prejudices are not anti-Semitic or anti-Negro: they are anti-doiily and anti-grapefruit.

England is a forcing bed for snobs, and I do Harold Nicolson no injustice if I say that he is a snob too. Here the *Diaries* provide a clue to what is lacking in his work—that is to say, the open mind. A serious professional writer, he has produced some distinguished books. Amusing, instructive, intelligent, they are never quite original. A certain caution holds him back: the door of the aviary is open but the bird does not want to fly out into a vulgar colliding world. To examine him at his most characteristic, one should read *The Congress of Vienna* (1945). It is a witty, lucid and informed book; it can still be read with pleasure and with profit, and I have long admired it. And yet one keeps asking oneself: is he organizing a fragment of the past or just making it presentable? Is he interpreting or tidying up? For the *Congress* does at times read like an *aide-mémoire* for the Vienna statesmen, in case (which does not seem unlikely) they should need some expert prompting on the Day of Judgment. It might have been written by a permanent Under Secretary of State in a fit of discreet inspiration. And how often one hears in these sociable *Diaries* the reproving voice of the born official: how often one feels that if only his engagements had permitted it, the Foreign Office would have provided a spiritual refuge for Harold Nicolson.

Instead, he entered politics, where he was never more than a gifted amateur, and where, even as the scene darkens and his situation grows more poignant, cheerfulness keeps breaking through. *What fun, life* is might be inscribed on his banner; whereas *Excelsior* is the ambiguous device for Harold Macmillan's. *The Winds of Change*, so full of pleasanttries and platitudes, is stylistically an artless work; but this should not blind

THE RED HOUSE

*Horned, with a collar of snow,
a Stone Age hunter
is standing beside his kill.*

*As he bends over the still-warm body,
his face is smeared with blood,
like a cave where
the sun-god is sleeping.*

JOHN HAINES

us to the fact that the author is a very intelligent man, and that he may be artful. There seem to be two personalities in this book, one open, one imperfectly hidden; so that when Macmillan tells us that he was "more 'with it' (as the phrase goes) than some who regarded me with so much disapproval," we are tempted to ask: more with *what*? It is this question which makes the book so interesting.

Eton, Balliol, the Brigade of Guards, an honorable and nearly mortal wound in World War I, marriage into one of England's great political and ducal families—such were Macmillan's early steps. Once they had been taken he headed straight for Parliament. As Conservative member for Stockton-on-Tees, in one of England's notorious "distressed areas," he became more and more involved in the problem of unemployment. The *Diaries* rather suggest that Nicolson would not have recognized an unemployed worker if (to borrow a phrase from P. G. Wodehouse) you had handed him one on a plate with watercress around it; but Macmillan was a good mixer. He was fond of the People, though conspicuously not of them. As time went on, he began to write and speak very forcibly about central planning, public spending, government control of industry. This was commendable and courageous discourse for a Conservative; but the leadership of MacDonald and Baldwin was undisturbed, because it knew that radical solutions, in those weary days, were not required of men who wished to retain power. It was only when Macmillan, at long last, began to perceive a connection between complacent domestic policies and timid foreign ones that his situation became unpleasant.

Here then is the practical idealist, pursuing a noble, selfless and somewhat lonely course on the leftward fringes of Conservatism. However, he is capable of his own kind of double talk:

Naturally, I did not know when the Parliament of 1924 began, that it would be sixteen years before I left the back benches for a junior post in a Ministry. It was a long spell. But I must be fair. Lack of promotion was my own fault

and the result of my deliberate determination, as the years passed, to pursue my own plans and purposes. This long and sometimes frustrating exclusion from the centre of power did not prove in the end a bad training.

One man, an affable knight-errant, deliberately takes a course which will leave him on the outside; the other, a professional politician, is frustrated because he does not get in. We are not surprised to learn that Benjamin Disraeli was one of Macmillan's heroes, for if the time is long since passed when people regarded "Dizzy" as a mere opportunist, one still remembers what he said when he first became Prime Minister in 1868: "I have climbed to the top of the greasy pole." In his Prologue, Macmillan tells how, in later years, when he and Churchill were discussing Hitler, he remarked: "At any rate, you and I owe him something. He made you Prime Minister and me an Under-Secretary. No power on earth, except Hitler, could have done that." The greasy pole is not, I think, an object to which Macmillan wishes to call our attention; but it is there, lurking coily in the background.

As the *Diaries* and the *Winds* come closer to Munich, they give us a telling picture of what it was like to be caught in a system which could select or extrude such leadership as Chamberlain's, but from which, while dissenting, neither man was truly alienated. Nicolson's jottings are contemporary, and one sees why he belonged to the Eden rather than to the Churchill group of rebels. In *Diaries*, Churchill appears as brilliant, orotund, drunkish, bitter, not solid: even in the late thirties his chameleon past made him a distrusted figure. *Winds*, in retrospect, naturally calls him "the great statesman"; it was to this, however, still wobbly, star that Macmillan hitched his chariot. We sincerely applaud him for doing so, while remarking that it paid off.

Toward the end of each book we get a version of that scene in Parliament, when Chamberlain shuffled out on his way to Munich, and all the members rose to applaud him. They thought (as did so many others in the Western world) that the old charlatan was about to perform a genuine miracle. Macmillan writes, regretfully, that he found himself standing and cheering with the rest; that he looked round; that Eden had disappeared, and that just two members remained seated. One was Churchill, with his head in his hands; the other was Harold Nicolson. The *Diaries* tell us that a Conservative M.P. behind Nicolson growled: "Stand up, you brute." But he wouldn't. Book for book, the *Diaries* may have the last word.

In the Wasps' Nest

THE PROTESTANT ESTABLISHMENT: Aristocracy and Caste in America. By E. Digby Baltzell. Vintage Books. 429 pp. \$1.95 paper.

VERNON K. DIBBLE

Mr. Dibble is assistant professor of sociology at Columbia University.

In Professor Baltzell's ideal society a "ruling class or . . . establishment" leads "the community as a whole." It responds to popular aspirations. In return, as it were, the populace legitimates its power. Its rule, therefore, rests not on coercion or manipulation but on moral authority.

Prestige, kinship and associational ties such as membership in exclusive clubs—not simply positions of power in politics or business—define who is in the ruling class and who is not. In Baltzell's terminology, Bernard Baruch, Fiorello La Guardia, Al Smith and Joseph Kennedy were in the elite. But they were never in the ruling class.

A ruling class is not legitimated unless it represents the elite. In a democracy, however, "men of ability and ambition, regardless of background, are allowed to rise into the elite." Hence, "in order for an upper class to maintain a continuity of power and authority . . . its membership must, in the long run, be representative of the society as a whole." In the United States the ruling class must not be a caste. It must not keep out Jews, Catholics and Negroes who have risen to the elite. It must, instead, be an "aristocracy."

As the author uses the term, an "aristocracy" is a "community of upper-class families whose members are born to positions of high prestige . . . because their ancestors have been leaders (elite members) for one generation or more." In his earlier work, especially in *Philadelphia Gentlemen: The Making of A National Upper Class* (published in paperback as *An American Business Aristocracy*), he has documented the existence of such groups in American society. But that is not all. An "aristocracy" does not simply rest on its laurels. It justifies its authority "by contributing its share of community leaders" and "by continuing to assimilate, in each generation, the families of new members of the elite."

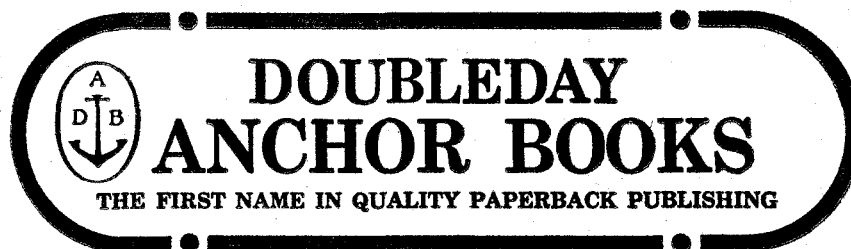
Baltzell contends that the American ruling class during most of the 19th century was, in this sense, an aristocracy. He uses the history of the Lincoln family—from President Lincoln's barely literate father to Robert Todd Lincoln,

graduate of Exeter and Harvard, successful corporation lawyer, and "typical Victorian aristocrat"—to illustrate that fact; he also cites the few wealthy Catholics and Jews who were apparently full members of a predominantly Protestant ruling class.

That "aristocracy" became more like a caste toward the end of the 19th century. "While sporadic and idiosyncratic anti-Semitism had been characteristic of the gentile gentleman's code since Colonial times, it was only in the 1880's,

when the flood of immigration began to rise, that upper-class anti-Semitism became rigid and institutionalized." The founders and early officers of Philadelphia's Union League Club included Jews; by the end of the century, Jews were kept out.

These castelike tendencies in the ruling class did not deprive it of moral authority until well into the 20th century. For until the 1920s or 1930s, local political machines that the immigrants controlled were subservient nationally to older-stock Protestants, such as Nelson Aldrich, Mark Hanna and Boies Penrose. In business, there were



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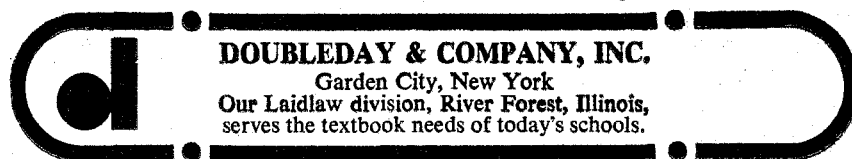
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few elite Catholics and Jews. But as members of minority groups rose in increasing numbers to elite positions during this century, the castelike ruling class became not only unrepresentative of the whole society but unrepresentative of the elites as well.

In the United States today the "position of the Jews . . . best illustrates the nature of the conflict between the social forces of caste and aristocracy," and stories of gentlemanly anti-Semitism in clubs, on golf courses, at debutante balls, in college fraternities, and among directors of large corporations are plentiful in the book.

But there is also "a small but growing minority of old-stock aristocrats, following the Whig tradition in England," who are willing "to share their privileges with distinguished members of minority groups in order to maintain their traditional power and authority within the ranks of some sort of new heterogenous establishment." These "aristocrats," Baltzell tells us, supported Progressivism and Teddy Roosevelt, Woodrow Wilson, and finally joined the Democratic Party after 1929. Their sons "were inspired by the aristocratic styles of the New Frontier."

Baltzell hopes that such men are the wave of the future. He points out that many young men from the ruling class lost their castelike attitudes as officers during the Second World War. Anti-Semitism is out of vogue at elite colleges, and many will not want to join clubs that keep out their old college friends. The New Frontier had old-stock patricians, elite Catholics and elite Jews working together.

But the future is not clear. "At this time [1963] it is hard to see how the dynamic tension between the pressure of caste exclusion and of aristocratic assimilation which is characteristic of the nation's leadership today will be resolved." On that question the moral authority of the ruling class, and therefore the health of the society, depend.

Though Baltzell has studied important problems with intelligence and civic concern, it is by no means clear that letting in elite Jews and others would enhance the position of the ruling class; or that the American ruling class, from its point of view, needs or wants moral authority; or—to pass from social analysis to political judgments—that it deserves moral authority.

Baltzell suggests a number of reasons why admitting Jews and Catholics into the ruling class would enhance its moral authority and otherwise strengthen it. First, he claims that exclusion means loss of talent. But talent and specialized skills can always be bought. On the highest levels, reliability, predictability and trust are more important than talent. And reliability and trust are maximized by keeping out people who are not of one's own kind.

Second, ruling class families cannot command authority unless "they represent the aspirations of both the elite and the rest of the population" and are not likely to do that if they keep out people from ethnic and religious minorities. But that assumes the possibility in the United States today for the existing ruling class to represent the aspirations of the whole society, to be active "in leading the community as a whole." Is there such a possibility?

The war in Vietnam has helped some industries and hurt or severely strained others (such as housing, and men's clothing). That fact exemplifies the difference between corporations that have a direct stake in this country's imperial position, and firms with largely domestic markets whose stake is indirect, if it exists at all.

Between businessmen and the rest of the population the gulf is wider. The vast middle market—families whose incomes are, say, between \$5,000 and \$15,000 a year—makes it unnecessary for consumer industries to worry about the very poor. And the executives of armament firms that depend upon what

Baltzell calls American world "leadership" and the American "moral mission in the world"—as that leadership and as that moral mission are exercised, for example, in the skies and villages of Vietnam—have no aspirations in common with the citizens of Watts. Executives of multi-national corporations who have increased direct American investment abroad by roughly 45 per cent from 1960 through 1965, instead of investing in much less profitable fields at home (such as low-income housing) have no fate in common with people who dwell among rats.

Baltzell's third suggestion, that exclusive castes are preoccupied with privileges instead of duties, and do not produce leaders of the entire community whose services justify the position of their class, does not reveal exactly what our "aristocratic" leaders are supposed to lead us toward. The only specific goal he mentions is a crusade against political corruption. He cannot give content to the abstract notion of "leading the community as a whole," because there is no "community as a whole" to lead.

America in the 19th century was quite different. It is clear what Victorian aristocrats led their society toward—big business and the corporate economy. In many of their aims, if not their methods, they represented the aspirations of the whole society. For at that time there was a great overlap between the goals that businessmen chose by their criteria of profit and those that would have been chosen if the criterion had been the commonweal.

Any kind of Socialist, or Populist, or people's capitalist regime in 19th-century America would have done many things that American capitalists actually did do: built transcontinental railroads, exploited the Mesabi range, brought new technology to industry, created an industrial working class, kept a small military establishment, and abolished slavery.

Today, however, the solution of obvious social problems—air pollution, housing, urban transportation, the chronically unemployed, and all the rest—requires much more money than corporate capitalism can possibly spend for such purposes. (Prof. Seymour Melman estimates that well over \$70 billion per year over a period of years is needed.) A corporation is not free to take on a few thousand uneducated, marginal workers whose production is worth less than their wages; or to invest in a bankrupt commuter railroad that will not show a profit for decades, if ever. Getting the job done requires either confiscatory rates of taxation or direct political control over

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THE NATION

SPRING BOOK NUMBER — Coming April 24

Reviews by

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the flow of investments. The most "aristocratic" leaders, gentile or Jew, are not going to lead American society in that direction.

"Aristocrats" are not doing the job, and "leadership" of the whole community no longer has any meaning. These are two good reasons for the Establishment's loss of moral authority that Baltzell deplures. But I do not quite see why Baltzell thinks that the ruling class has to worry about its moral authority. Instead of an "aristocratic" ruling class that produces leaders of the whole community, it is possible to have a class that is "coercive and authoritarian." If rulers do not justify their power, then subjects do not legitimize power. And "power which is not legitimized tends to be either coercive or manipulative."

If the alternative to doing the jobs that need to be done is coercive and manipulative power; and if doing the needed jobs requires, if not full-scale socialism, then at the very least some fundamental breach in corporate property rights; then, clearly, coercive and manipulative power is the more desirable alternative. Baltzell does not like that kind of power; but he has not shown why the American ruling class should dislike it as much as he.

He assumes that the ruling class dislikes coercive power, and that its members are sensitive to the problems he poses, because his model is Whiggish England. (There is even the curious sentence: "But in the years since Victoria's death, American society has been transformed.") He might have taken his major themes from Lord Melbourne, who said in 1831 that political power must be based on "authority, consent, reputation and opinion." But, he added:

If we find that the columns of that support are sapped and failing—if we find that, instead of authority there is disrespect for all authority—if we find that instead of *consensus* there is *dissensus* . . . it is then our duty to look about us, and to consider the dangerous situation in which we are placed . . . that we may repair the edifice which is tottering and crumbling around us.

That is, Whig aristocrats supported reform which brought new classes into the British political system. But the executives and directors of American corporations are not Whig aristocrats. They are businessmen, who expect legitimation through their performance in the market, not through "authority, consent, reputation and opinion," the notion of a business aristocracy is a contradiction in terms.

Further, since 1945, from Hiroshima to Vietnam, men in the "Protestant establishment" have failed to demonstrate that they place any upper limit to the degree of terror and brutality that they are willing to condone, if terror and brutality are needed to protect American interests in the world, as they define them. They are not doing the job at home, and the kind of job they do abroad is only too obvious. They do not deserve moral authority.

America Absurd

HELL'S ANGELS: A Strange and Terrible Saga. By Hunter S. Thompson. Random House. 278 pp. \$4.95.

ELMER BENDINER

Mr. Bendiner, writer and editor, is the author of *The Bowery Man* (Thomas Nelson).

In November, 1965, a moment occurred which fittingly sums up the American absurdity. Ralph Barger, Jr., president of Hell's Angels, a group of pathetic young men who act out lurid juvenile fantasies astride their roaring motorcycles, addressed the following letter to President Johnson:

"On behalf of myself and my associates I volunteer a group of loyal Americans for behind the lines duty in Viet Nam. We feel that a crack group of trained gorillas [sic] would demoralize the Viet Cong and advance the cause of freedom. We are available for training and duty immediately."

President Barger took this action after unexpectedly calling off a pitched battle with Berkeley students who had scheduled a march to protest the war. At a formal press conference, embellished with the microphones of major networks, Barger explained that "in the interest of public safety and the protection of the good name of Oakland," Hell's Angels would not take on "this mob of traitors."

Up to that point the Angels had shown a positive zeal for mayhem, sadistic assault and rape. They had been talked out of the confrontation with student demonstrators by Allen Ginsberg, that poet of peace, pot, vulgarized Buddhism and bland love, but it was plain that they had not been won over, only befuddled. The letter to the White House followed.

So far as is known, President Johnson did not reply to Barger's offer of a military pact—a fact that may reassure those who sometimes are fearful that

all of us are inhabiting a comic book.

That solemn moment when the captain of free-wheeling, pill-chewing, hippy lost souls—the very models of pop art—offered his hand to the arch-square in the White House forms the climax of Hunter S. Thompson's report on Hell's Angels, which began as an article in *The Nation* and grew into a full-length book.

Thompson spent a year riding and drinking with the Angels as a more or less accredited correspondent. His credentials were finally withdrawn in a wordless ceremony that left him stomped to a bloody mess. Nevertheless, Thompson's point of view remains eminently sane and honest. He does not weep for the Angels or romanticize them or glorify them. Neither does he despise them.

Instead, he views them as creatures of an irresponsible society, given their image by an irresponsible press, embodying the nation's puerile fantasy life. He sees the menace not so much in the Hell's Angels themselves, as in the poverty of spirit and perennial adolescence that spawned them. On the other hand, Thompson is not blind to the possible uses to which such young men may be put.

Although they play at life as if it were a movie set, the Angels are inordinately fond of swastikas and Iron Crosses; they idolize their leaders; they would rather jump an unarmed enemy than have a fair fight; and they hate Negroes.

The one charm the Angels originally possessed seemed to be a rough and ready anti-Establishment fervor. They were rebels, disowned by a system, outlawed and fighting back. But perhaps

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liberals and radicals may discern in them a sad truth: that roars of romantic rebellion come not only from those who refuse to sell out but also from some who have never had an offer.

As soon as the press magnified the Angels into celebrities and they found themselves issuing communiqués as potential anti-Communist heroes, they jumped eagerly at the bait, found a press agent and began to dicker with publishers.

A Representative Lowell

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL. By Martin Duberman. Houghton Mifflin Co. 516 pp. \$8.

CALVIN BEDIENT

Mr. Bredient teaches literature at Emory University, Atlanta, Ga.

The colors have washed out of James Russell Lowell's reputation, leaving a blank sheet, a ghost. Lowell is no longer important; yet look back and he is there, in the very center of 19th-century American culture, holding the crowd, gesticulating blithely, high-spirited and handsome, good-natured and gracious, patriotic, wholesome, enormously cultivated and boyishly humorous—sitting in his library of 7,000 volumes in pastoral Cambridge, reading *Tom Jones*; now writing second-hand lyrics—so it seems today—for dreamy youths and overdomesticated ladies; now teaching Dante brilliantly and humanely to undergraduates at Harvard, where he replaced Longfellow as professor of modern languages; now out of pocket but writing promissory notes to Negroes who have come to his door, pathetically and perhaps fraudulently, to beg money to buy their wives or children from the South; or wittily slashing at war and slavery, as in the *Biglow Papers*; or talking with "indescribable" brilliance at the famous Saturday Club; or as the first editor of *The Atlantic Monthly*, carrying home contributions in his coat pocket and leaving them in the closet, only to wonder what became of them, yet succeeding, succeeding splendidly; encouraging Howells and Bret Harte, while ignoring Melville and taking care to keep that "evil" book, *Leaves of Grass*, out of the hands of Harvard students; reviving the *North American Review*; and publishing volumes of literary criticism with titles redolent of a sipping, large-chaired, fire-lit literary culture: *Among My Books* and *My*

The Angels set no precedent in the nation's history. A century ago Bowery thugs, organized into ferocious gangs calling themselves "Knights of the Golden Circle," became a fifth column for the Confederacy and gave New York the draft riots—the city's most ghastly lynching spree.

Hunter Thompson's book may serve to remind us of the swift metamorphosis from rebel-without-a-cause to man-on-the-make.

Study Windows. Despite the death of two wives and three children, it was a charmed life, enviable. So attractive were Lowell's abilities, so easy his ascendancy, that even in England he was acclaimed a genius—compared to Juvenal for his satire, to Sainte-Beuve for his criticism. And the Hayes administration, needing luster, borrowed the pearl of Lowell's unique, his incomparable reputation, sending him first as Minister to Spain, then on to England, where he became, as Henry James said, with pride in his countryman, the first of after-dinner speakers—an American, yet the lion of London!

Great writers change and expand through the ages, small writers become more themselves, and Lowell has been reduced almost savagely by time. The glamour is gone; we see merely the man, the facility, the "failure." And this is a cause for regret.

If Lowell continues to survive at all, it is because he is "representative." But representative of what? "Completely representative," said James in 1892, of "the dominion of style"; but James believed in Lowell's genius and thought he might become a classic. In 1915, Van Wyck Brooks notes Lowell's demise; but Brooks is scarcely less credulous than James ("No American writer appears to have been more naturally gifted than Lowell") and—overgenerously, romantically—charges America with Lowell's now representative failure: it denied him a "social background," the prod of ideas. Leon Howard—to skip ahead to 1952—turns Brooks's formula on its head: if it is still Lowell's failure that is representative, the fault now lies with Lowell himself—in "yielding to his cultural environment rather than striving against it." But this reading is equally romantic. What has happened to the old "metaphysical" idea of the gift, the calling? We are too prepared to believe in

"failure," when often there is no question of success.

One cannot bloom except from a bud, and there was no bud of genius in Lowell. When out of thousands of lines not one tingles all through—when no words are lamps or switch blades, and no rhythms are as absolute as the sound of a hard rain—why talk of failure? Talk, rather, of a false vocation. "One feels at moments," James wrote of Lowell, "that he speaks in verse mainly because he is penetrated with what verse has achieved." But, indeed, one feels this everywhere in Lowell. Somewhat insecurely, Martin Duberman, in this fine new biography, detects a "failure of authenticity" in Lowell's more earnest verse—Lowell attempted "to squeeze a joyous temperament into the fashionable prophetic mold." But to me, the unauthenticity lies in Lowell's choice of the medium. Even where Lowell is most successful—as in parts of the *Biglow Papers*—he succeeds because he is witty and not because he is poetic. Lowell wrote a journalism of verse—and, overawed by the very idea of poetry, his contemporaries loved it. In an age when even the records of the Harvard Hasty Pudding Club were kept in meter, perhaps poetry was actually held too cheap; too familiar, at least in form, its real rarity and difficulty were underestimated.

Now Duberman has come along to give us another representative Lowell. And his Lowell is a surprise: neither a lord of style nor an interesting failure, nor significant as a man of letters at all. This new book makes no rousing claims for Lowell's work. It is plain that, while reading the poems, Duberman has smelled formaldehyde, and if he praises the *Biglow Papers* and *A Fable for Critics*, it is not with much heart. He does seem rather anxious, though, about the literary criticism; it has been—he says in a puzzling phrase—"too completely" ignored. Yet in urging "above all" Lowell's "ability to appreciate a wide variety of excellence," he is asking us to warm our hands in advance of the fire: it is only in a first-rate critic that catholicity matters; it is nothing without illumination.

And Lowell is not a first-rate critic; his strengths, as Mr. Duberman says, are overbalanced by his defects. His essays—on Shakespeare, Cervantes, Keats and other great names—contain the excellent commonplaces of cultivation. They lap and flow, pleasant and undisturbing. But it is true that now and then a bird will rise from the waters and take the sun: a truth is illumined, unforgettablely, as when Lowell observes:

"The grand loneliness of Milton in his latter years . . . is reflected . . . in his maturer poems by a sublime independence of human sympathy like that with which mountains fascinate and rebuff us." And—exhilaratingly—a whole flock is let loose, one by one, in the notorious essay on Thoreau. For me, this essay is the one most alive today. It is a fillip to the subject. It gives Thoreau a hearty good shaking, then drops its hands, bows its head, and worships. It puts forward some of the best things ever said about Thoreau—or about the dubious preference of nature to civilization. An impassioned, witty defense of social life, it is both entirely right and entirely irrelevant: if Thoreau had been more social, he would indeed have been a more lovable man and a more reasonable writer; but he would not have been Thoreau, and it is Thoreau that we value.

Duberman's Lowell is representative not as a man of letters but as a man. And not merely representative but exemplary—a man for our times. Certainly Lowell was lovable. But if readers search in the book for what makes Lowell's character attractive—or why Lowell should be held up as an inspiring example when there is William Lloyd Garrison (that great, unattractive man), or Samuel Gridley Howe or half a dozen others of Lowell's time who, unlike Lowell, can indeed shame us in our moral mediocrity—they will go hungry. There are hints in Duberman's Introduction: loyalty, probity—but these are not explicitly pursued. Perhaps we are meant to *infer* the full extent of Lowell's excellence; but the job would seem to devolve on Duberman. You get in at the first page and are let out at the last, and do not know where you are. You have spent your time with a genial, gracious Lowell, a man perhaps better than most of us, but not so much better that it hurts. It was worth it, this trip, but one had been led to expect more.

Duberman is nothing if not professional and thorough, and he tells us exactly what is wrong with earlier biographies of Lowell. By implication, his own study makes good their limitations, and this is true. For, all pretenses to unearned importance aside, this book is easily the best life of Lowell. Duberman quotes well from Lowell's charming letters—and makes one wish for a slim, carefully selected new edition of them (the age of Collected Letters is too much with us). He works with just the right amount of detail, looking over the facts with a sleepless intelligence. His portrait of Lowell is

strangely without shadows, but perhaps there were none to be found. One is grateful for Duberman's book, despite the bleached quality of the prose and of the approach.

But it is not the personal life of Lowell—as Duberman suggests—that is most relevant today. His life was essentially commonplace—a little luckier, more noticed than most, but lacking the stir and spasm of heroism. Lowell was blessed with a happy disposition, but this was an accident of nature, not an accomplishment. And in commending Lowell for not having an *obsession* with achievement, Duberman deprecates greatness. For genius is always obsessive, and if this means that very often it is selfish, still it is genius and not mediocrity that needs our study, our reverence, our defense.

The most valuable Lowell is still the Lowell of the *Biglow Papers*—and, I would add, of *The Anti-Slavery Papers*, their more readable prose counterpart. Lowell was not one of the great abolitionists, and in his own definition of talent—faculties used glibly to produce results—he was merely talented in morals and politics. But this clever abolitionist can be telling. *The Anti-Slavery Papers*, especially, are a lesson and a delight: "It has been a matter of controversy whether the New Testament should be one of the books read by pupils in our public schools. As one chief object of these institutions is to fit the youth of our country for their duties and responsibilities as American citizens, we cannot but think that the habitual perusal of such a book would be likely to produce mental confusion and be the cause of error in after life."

It is this Lowell who is most tonic today. And not only because he was capable of moral passion but because he knew that moral passion is a power in politics: press hard enough, be "fanatical" enough, and the "respectable"—as Lowell scornfully called the opponents of abolition—the timid and the corrupt and the complacent will give in: after how much agony and sweat it is always impossible to measure, as it is often almost unbearable to contemplate. And the Lowell of both the *Biglow* and *Anti-Slavery Papers* is no less bracing because he believed in democracy—giving it all three cheers. He makes us realize how much faith in it we have lost, how bored with it we really are. Yet read him and it seems a great idea, one worth being "fanatical" about—fervent but not foolish. And though the divine halo Lowell saw encircling this idea has burned out, he can help us a little in our unbelief.

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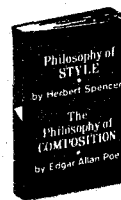
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THEATRE / Harold Clurman

Those who seek entertainment on Broadway will probably find Robert Anderson's four one-act plays collectively entitled *You Know I Can't Hear You When the Water's Running* gratifying (Ambassador Theatre). Its sexual emphasis is constant, it is frequently funny, and its acting is excellent. It provoked me to thought, accompanied by puzzled irritation.

None of the plays was wholly about what it appeared to be about. The theme of the first segment of the quartet, called "The Shock of Recognition," is the disparity between our professed acceptance of bold spectacle and language in regard to subjects once held to be publicly taboo, and our real reaction to these new liberties. The argument concerns a playwright who plans to open his first scene with the entrance of a man in full and unabashed nakedness. He does not propose to arouse libidinous scandal but to awake the audience with "the shock of recognition," a sense of our common nature. The point of Anderson's skit is the discomfort everyone experiences at the possibility of an actual confrontation with the event: the rationale breaks down (even for the playwright) in view of the fact.

The audience titters or laughs at the notion in semi-acknowledgment of its own divided sentiments (at once a kind of prurience and inhibition), but the cream of the jest lies in something else entirely, something which has nothing to do with Anderson's apparent subject. An actor is brought in by the producer to prove that no player would consent to perform the described action. Pathetic comedy issues from the sight of the actor's eagerness to do everything or anything, no matter how personally embarrassing, to get the part.

The second "panel" of the series, "The Footsteps of Doves," is a slighter and more obvious bit, taking place in a showroom where beds are sold. The choice of a bed reveals the state of waning desire in the middle years of marriage. The audience's laughter in this instance is both sly and shamefaced; it is giggling with the titillation of recognition.

The third piece (which opens the second and better half of the evening) begins with a discussion between husband and wife about the sex education of their children. The college boy son masturbates; the daughter, the wife contends, should be instructed in the use of con-

traceptives. The wife is crudely "realistic" in the modern mode; her salesman husband is sensible in his gentle humor and regard for his children's privacy.

A good moment in this episode is one in which we see the hurt the husband suffers when he realizes that his wife, not in the least perturbed, takes for granted that he "cheats" on her every time he goes on the road. Then there is a sudden and rather touching shift of theme at the close when one learns that their son has decided to quit college and (possibly) home because he can no longer bear the stuffy mediocrity of the parental environment. This motif—the misunderstanding or break between the generations—should have been made central to the play's meaning. Instead it bobs up as though an afterthought and thus renders the "daring" of the parents' early colloquy dubiously provocative.

The final and most succinct "movement" (called "I'm Herbert") might be described as a memory of sex. An aged couple are no longer able to remember where and what they did with whom in their several past marriages; they even have some difficulty in knowing whom they are married to now. Having a distinctly melancholy side, "I'm Herbert" is the purest comedy of the lot. It reduces sex to an absurdity, a fleeting and illusory sensation among many which wither and decay along with everything else in the course of time.

I have detailed the four plots to convey the sense of ambiguity the evening creates. Its mental and moral disposition is, I believe, typical of the ordinary middle-class American. (This explains in large measure its undoubted audience appeal.) Its sophistication veils a puerile fascination with sex, a determination to be free and frank in talk about it, together with an equal degree of embarrassment. There is some uncertainty as to whether sex is to be embraced on a biologic level or to be ridiculed as something less significant than what we romantically suppose it to be. There is above all a stubbornly lingering, though now bewildered and apologetic, Puritanism in the attitude. Behind all this is an element of honesty and truthfulness. One feels oneself in the presence of something still unborn, certainly juvenile and consequently somewhat annoying, perhaps even boring, which one still hesitates utterly to reject (much less to condemn) since it does exist on a far

wider scale than one assumes. The unbalance in the construction of the four playlets (except for the last rueful farce) reflects a tussle in the playwright's spirit.

There can be no quibble whatever about the acting. Martin Balsam is first rate in the humor of the first two sketches, and moving as the decent father of the third. His is the best sort of simple naturalistic acting. George Grizzard too is fine in the innuendo of the bed salesman in the second piece, both sharp and relaxed in the characterization of senility in the finale. Eileen Heckart is equally good in this, and as always dryly and efficiently to the point in the rest. As performance (under Alan Schneider's direction) the whole evening functions admirably.

There is nothing ambivalent or indecisive about Charles Schulz's musical entertainment *You're A Good Man, Charlie Brown* at Theatre 80 St. Marks: it is wholly childish. We can absorb it without qualm, enjoy it without shame or leave it without discontent. If predictions are in order, it will go on and on like *The Fantasticks*. It appeals to the simple heart.

Based on the comic strip "Peanuts," *You're A Good Man, Charlie Brown* preserves an artless comic-strip discontinuity, each bit leading to a kindly smile or a happy chuckle. It reminded me of what Van Wyck Brooks said

THE EXCHANGE (For David)

*You tell me how helpless you are to leave.
I listen, detached as you prefer me.
I hear screams from the building
across the grass, and laughter.
I scan your face as calm as mine.
We continue to sit under a shady tree.*

*I blotted him out with a drop of ink,
I absorbed him in my blotter.
Now when I look I find him
under a scratched out word
under the influence of the x mark,
eyes lowered, smiling,
finding in himself that pleasure
that was crossed out for him,
his face calm and good.
He has his dream and will not raise
his eyes to give it up.*

*I stretch out a hand, a warding off of evil,
and it is grasped limply as you smile,
your eyes still averted. We get up
from the grass and go for coffee
at the Exchange.*

DAVID IGNATOW

about *Huckleberry Finn*: when Mark Twain, a representative of the America of his day, produced his masterpiece it turned out to be a novel of adolescence. (I can't remember now whether the eminent critic also pointed out that the fun in *Huckleberry* masks much savagery and sadness.) The Charles Schulz miniature offers consolation by its benign acceptance of basic human inadequacy and repeated failure. It celebrates in friendly laughter all our frustrations at not being something bigger, better and more glorious than we are.

Here at long last is an affirmative statement in the contemporary theatre: it forgives all our shortcomings and tells us we are all good because we are all schmoes! Even the dog Snoopy is a perpetually disappointed and only mild-

ly resentful character. But it is just for that and for his resignation at being forever unable to advance beyond dogdom, that we love him. There is withal a philosophy to the show. "Happiness is finding a pencil. . . . Happiness is two kinds of ice cream, etc., etc." We settle for peanuts: it is enough. The greatest failure, Charlie Brown, is still a good man.

The cast is endearing. The actors im-personate little children and a tiny dog, but their ages do not matter. We take them at their word and applaud them for their charm. Among his other attributes Gary Burghoff as Charlie Brown has a most winning countenance. Bill Hinnant as Snoopy is the most expert player. Everyone satisfies. The evening is delightfully brief.

musically cognitive and relevant terms. Terms, that is, that would not do equally well to describe any musical context (such as the definition of "serial" music as that which "manipulates various materials" to be found in the *Times* review of the Carter), that would not create false perceptual normatives (such as, in the same review, the use of "dissonance" as though it meant a universally identifiable kind of sound rather than a function not present in the context at hand), that do not use non-cognitive nouns as if they were cognitive ("music of this kind seldom has charm"), and that do not define traditional musical terms in new and confusing ways that have no references to any existing musical compositions (as, in a letter by the *Times* critic responding to a complainant: "whether or not [it] is a row it *sounds* like a row, with its disjunct leaps, etc.," even though a "row" not only in no sense defines a way of articulating a presented pitch succession but does not even define any *given* presented pitch succession at all, only the structural *basis* for pitch succession). For the poor listener in the dark, even a simple prohibition on the misuse of technical and adjectival terms in journalistic reports of musical events would surely be an enormous stride toward enlightenment, if only because the noninformativeness might become transparent.

And in the absence of such red herrings, perhaps one could observe without fear of misinterpretation that the Carter Concerto does represent a rather extraordinary culmination of ideas inherent in his earlier music, and that it does constitute the most definitively developed instance thus far of a compositional approach that is one of the significant polarities of contemporary American work. In this context, moreover, comparisons with Babbitt's *Relata*, the most highly developed work at the other pole, continually suggest themselves as illuminations of the special qualities of the Carter Concerto; just as many aspects of *Relata* itself en-

MUSIC / Benjamin Boretz

The one historic observation that seems relevant in contemplating the new Piano Concerto by Elliott Carter (performed this season by the Boston Symphony with the pianist Jacob Lateiner) is of one's extraordinary good fortune in living at a musical time, in a musical culture, that can produce within a single year two major works of such manifest mastery and originality, and yet of such nearly diametric disparity, as this concerto and Milton Babbitt's *Relata I* (see *The Nation*, April 11, 1966). For none of those other issues of conflicts or tendencies in "style" and "technique" that has been journalistically raised, once again, in connection with Carter's work has the slightest relevance to the principal musical "issues," which are typically ignored: the nature and quality of the musical events the Concerto contains, and, beyond these, the avenues of perception and thought that it powerfully and uniquely reveals. The contentious multi-chotomies of the journalist's historical dialectic are simply unrecognizable as a relevant picture of the compositional world to those who inhabit it, absorbed as they are in the unique and fascinating particularities of actual musical relation.

Thus, the principal objective of a public discussion of a work of the obvious importance, scope and complexity of thought and surface of the Carter Concerto is that its existence be made known to the interested musical public, and hence the opportunity created for its further audition. Beyond that, one would hope to provide those listeners

who lack the opportunity for multiple listening and score study needed to become intimately acquainted with this difficult new work, with some advance idea of the kinds of events, conjunctions and continuities it presents. The prospect of providing such a framework is, I confess, a little dismaying; serious musicians know how long and intensive our study will have to be before works like Carter's and Babbitt's are adequately understood. Yet on the other hand we also know that their immensely valuable content is available—in varying degrees—even to "technically" untrained and relatively inexperienced listeners, given the right combination of awareness and assiduity.

In this context, it is hard to see what abstract and largely erroneous discussions of "serialism" as a compositional "doctrine" can possibly signify to the listener who has never been told either what a simple musical relation *is*, or what any of the events in the works under discussion *sound* or *act* like in

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gendered comparisons with the Carter Orchestral Variations and Double Concerto. For—just to show how complex the situation really is—with respect to “serialism” (the constructive interior), Carter would have to be described as a “Stravinsky-early-Schoenbergian,” and Babbitt as a “Webern-late-Schoenbergian”; but as far as articulative surface and continuity are concerned, Babbitt is surely a “Stravinsky-Webernian” and Carter a “Berg-Ives-Schoenbergian.” What this principally indicates, I hope, is that at this stage of their highly developed maturity, these composers can no longer be fruitfully discussed as “products” of previous “influences,” for the individual terms that their compositions represent are both unmistakable as perceptual qualities in themselves, and evident in the vast range of music by their younger contemporaries in which their influence is manifest.

But it might still be useful to note that, like the “serialism” of Stravinsky and early Schoenberg, Carter’s Concerto is pre-eminently “harmonic”; that is, it involves delimited pitch constellations that, from the very opening in the piano alone, are presented as the multiply unfolded sonor-

ity of a given event; whereas in *Relata* the unfolding is continuous and the *successional* ordering of pitches is critical. This “harmonic” idea, moreover, is one of the most striking respects in which the new Concerto develops earlier Carter qualities; for whereas his “multi-dimensional” works from the First Quartet through the Orchestral Variations, the Second Quartet and the Double Concerto developed the ideas of juxtaposed, highly differentiated sonic strata on the one hand, and a filmically intercut tempo-relational development on the other, the Concerto brilliantly combines these concepts.

Thus in the first movement, a sharply demarcated alternation of tempo-events is articulated by the association, with each “tempo,” of a particular “harmony” (defined by three-note constellations), whose “non-blending” with adjacent harmonies creates a constant sense of event change without an obvious jolt in the articulative surface. And this strong “pitch-content” orientation of the interiors of these sections—which recalls the pitch-matching ideas of the 1954 Sonata for flute, oboe, cello and harpsichord—provides a framework within which a remarkable multiplicity of long, wide-arched “legato” lines is clearly perceptible within a texture of frequently maximal density and dispersion. Yet the strikingly different senses in which a “long line” is projected by the piano, percussion, woodwinds and strings is a remarkably subtle aspect of the work’s development; the piano’s presence is almost continuous, but the articulative identities of—particularly—the bass clarinet, flute and oboe are sustained with extraordinary delicacy even in the most massive surroundings.

In the second movement, this idea of multiplicity is further extended into the juxtaposition of multiple articulations simultaneously, each again retaining its identity. Thus one finds short, sharp, isolated attacks counterpointed with long, arching lines, compressed articulative bursts and dense sustained chordal masses (a simplistic “effect” of the young Polish primitives here given functional meaning as a single *element* of the multi-faceted texture). The extreme of this “dramatized” situation is in the movement’s “cadenza,” where the piano’s pitch-dense figuration is gradually “absorbed” by a swelling string-sonority wave that ultimately overflows the entire perceptual field, stripping the piano first to a two-pitch conjection that directly associates with an important passage near the beginning of the first movement, then to a single pitch reiterated at registral dead center.

Here as elsewhere, a highly individual aspect of Carter’s compositional personality—and the quality that perhaps mainly defines the polarity of his work with that of Babbitt—is the evident “gestural” sense that these conjunctions project. For in Carter’s work, all the layers upon layers of differentiated, highly individuated articulations contribute invariably to a single function, a unitary perceptual contour; whereas in Babbitt’s work, *Relata* as elsewhere, the inflections extended along and within a highly unitary surface, texture and articulative continuity project an ever-widening and maximally dense multiplicity of functional interrelations, simultaneously and successively. And where Carter takes “patches” of traditionally associative kinds of continuity (“long-lined” melodic successions, “cadenza” figurations, etc.) and creates by the “pressure” of their individual manner of succession and conjection a wholly new sense of continuity, Babbitt “reconstructs” traditional continuity by fragmenting its components into individually quite “untraditional” articulations whose conjunction produces a new multi-faceted, dimensionally expanded, coherence.

It is in this respect, too, that Carter’s “gestural” language is most clearly counterpoised to Babbitt’s nonchalant, radically anti-gestural surface. For the unitary perceptual “curve” that arises from all the complexities in Carter’s Concerto is like a phraseological rhetoric that accompanies, surrounds, “coats” and insinuates into the substantive relational body of the work, while in Babbitt it is the very “closeness” of the surface to the relational interior that gives it its special sonority as well. The presence of a gestural stratum in Carter’s work, too, provides a perceptual “signal” to sustain the listener, giving him a path far easier to follow than the multi-furcated interior, providing perhaps also a secure earhold to retain coherence between (one hopes) ever clearer and broader glimpses of the really significant ideas being developed and explored within. And my impression is, upon hearing what appeared to be an unusually adequate first performance by the Boston Symphony and Mr. Lateiner under Erich Leinsdorf, that—especially in its first movement—this Concerto has discovered new paths of perception, and new possibilities of coherent articulation under conditions of unprecedented complexity through structural “dramatization” of music-relational situations, that will be a treasured source of profound musical idea for a large part of the musical history to come.

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